

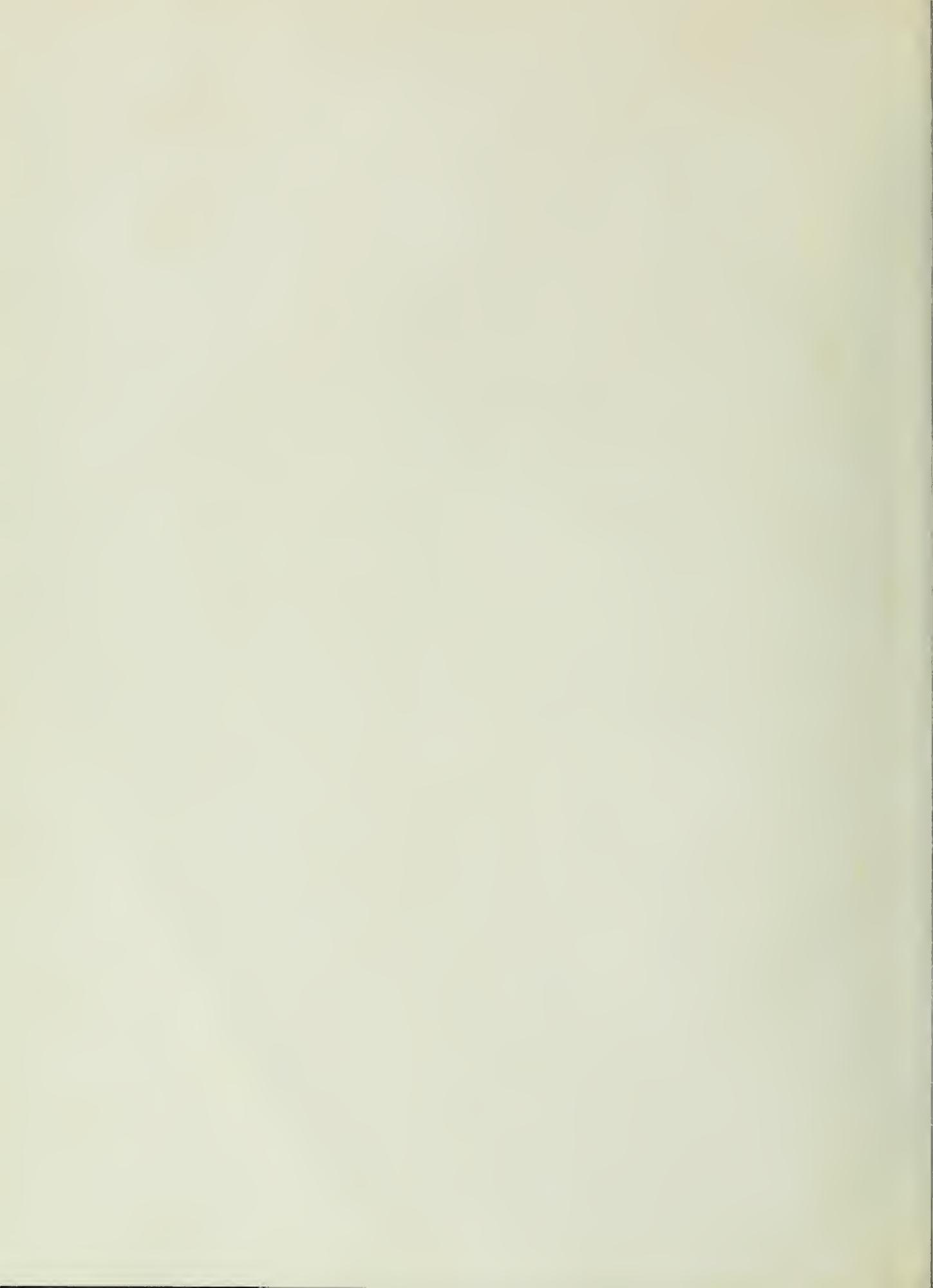
The Georgian



St. George's College
1978-79









THE GEORGIAN

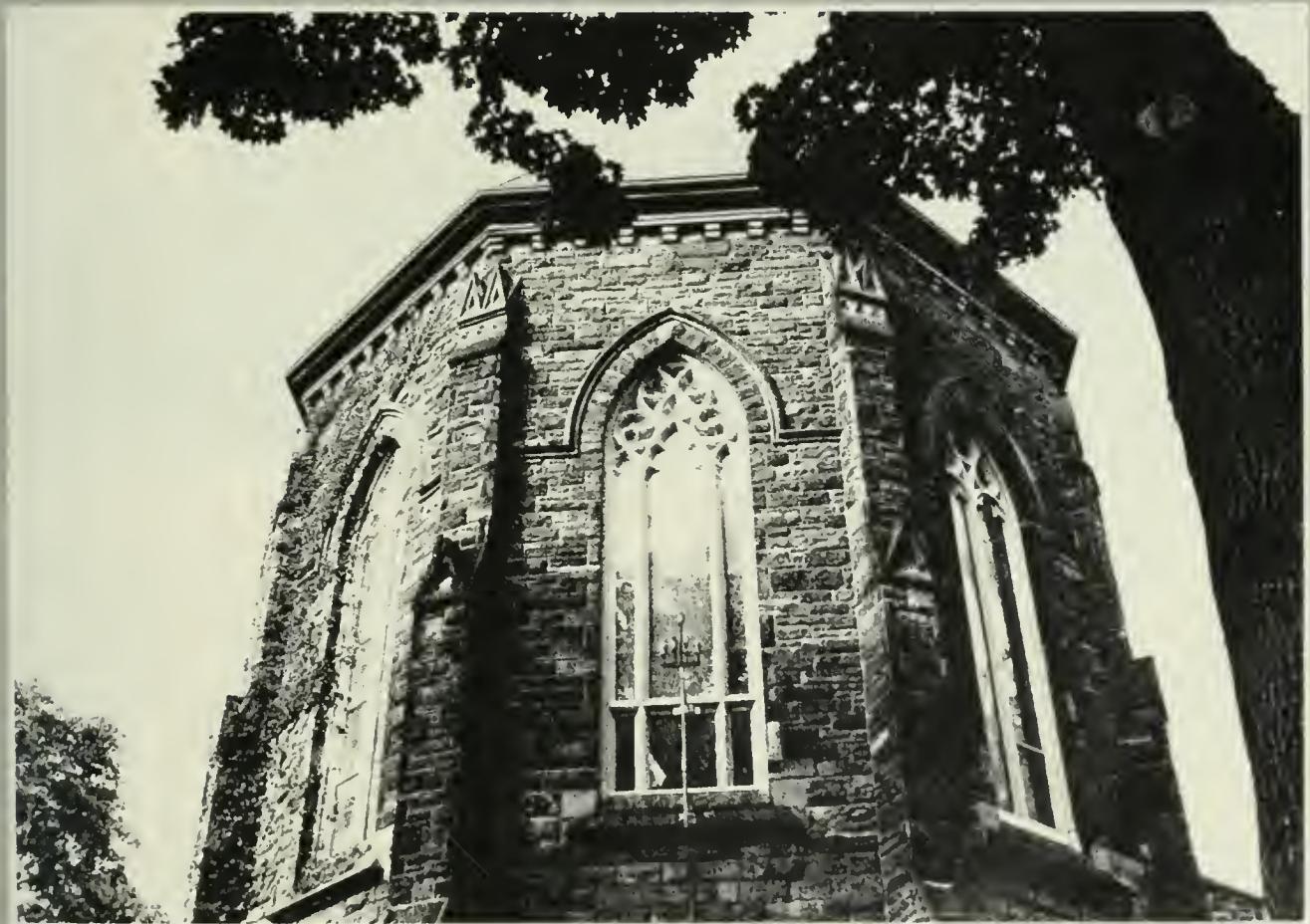


There are two sentences inscribed
upon the Delphic oracle, hugely accommodated
to the usages of man's life:
"Know thyself," and "Nothing too much";
and upon these all other precepts depend.

Plutarch

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended,
but the glory belongs to our ancestors.

Plutarch



FROM THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY



My fellow Georgians,

As I write this, my first message to the yearbook, it is February, and still snowing. Several weeks after the disastrous freeze-up in the See House on Founder's Day Weekend, we are still awaiting the installation of new radiators. My office seemed to get the worst of it, with all six radiators cracked and considerable water damage to the floor and wood panelling. Father Scott, whose office remained unscathed, insists that there is a message in this. I prefer to believe, however, that these trials are sent to make life more interesting.

This is our fifteenth year, and our eleventh yearbook. The latter makes a fine record indeed of the events of the year. I find in all this, I am grateful to be able to say, many constants, the

most important of which I believe to be that intimacy and sense of family which has characterized the school since its beginning. Many boys have passed through our classes, our teams, and our clubs and societies on their way to higher learning, and still the place remains not "his school", or "their school", but "our school". We are all involved together in the process of learning, and so long as we are ever mindful of the responsibilities we bear, each of us to every other member of our school family, we shall move forward as we ought.

With my best wishes for a bright future for each and every one of you.

Yours sincerely,

J.D. Allen



FROM THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

"LAST WRITES" (Enfin!)

I had entertained the fanciful notion that this year I would avoid having to wrack my mind and compete with the artistic efforts wrought by the literati of the college. Not mindful of the efficiency and strength of purpose of our staff advisor, Mr. Fulford, I omitted throughout the year to jot down those bon mots and swift repartee which are the hallmarks of talent in Saint George's staff room. In past years thus armed with shamefully plagiarised material have I put together my annual message to the student body. I must then depend on divine inspiration or native wit to motivate this my final message (Oh dear!).

My final message! Final in these circumstances is truly onomatopoeic (please see Mr. Stevenson). To be leaving S.G.C. after nine very happy years is tantamount to leaving the safety of the harbour for perilous seas. Perhaps in one year's time I should write a message to the editors from my desert island or from the New World, as the case may be, warning of the pitfalls inherent in quitting the S.G.C. security blanket.

We have passed a successful and eventful year in the lower school, in the areas of academics and sports; Father Scott is back with us after his long illness. This unfortunate illness, however, brought the good fortune of Mr. O'Meara to our doors to fill the breach. As often happens he fell victim to the Georgian syndrome and is now a fully pledged member of our staff, and a very welcome one; the usual activities have taken place with more than the usual energy, in particular the house competitions, under Mr. Dunkley's expert guidance, have been very closely contested and enjoyed by all those who took part; the assembly readings this year have again been of high standard; mention must be made of those grade four students who set such an excellent standard in the chapel with their lesson reading before the whole school - Oh for such poise! Well done all boys who have "participated". I hope that you will give Dr. Barlow all the support and enthusiasm which you have given to me.

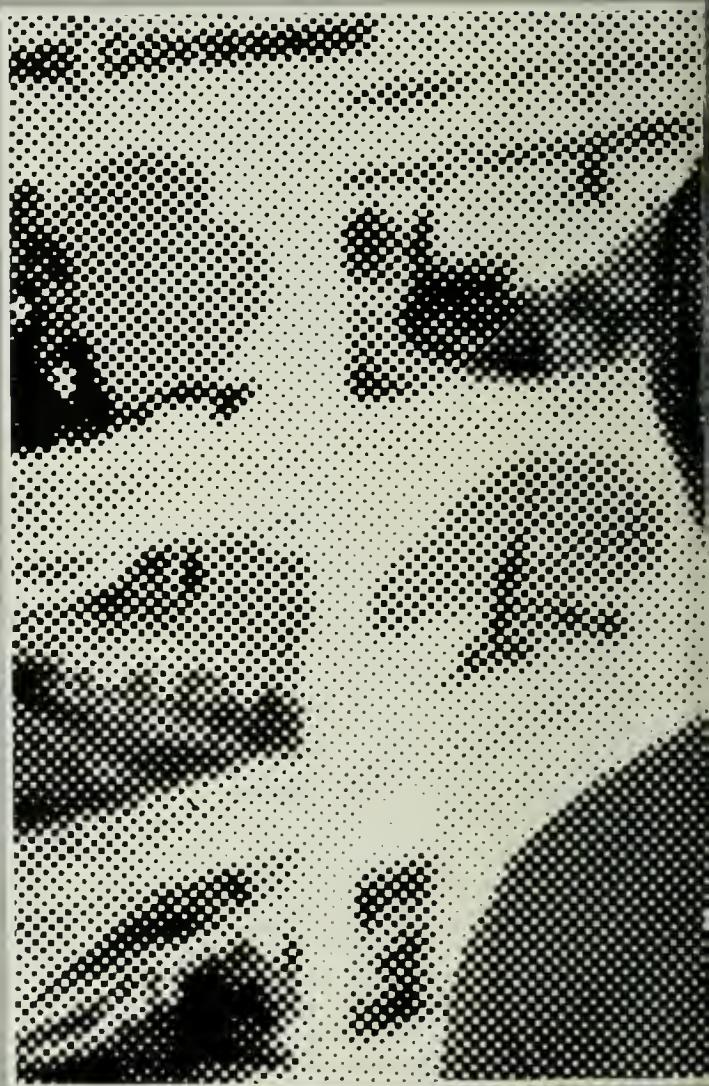
I have mixed feelings about leaving St. George's. On the one hand I am excited about challenges of a new position and the opportunities of a very different environment, while on the other hand I am sad to be leaving a place which has become so much a part of my life. Leaving here of course will be an experience eventually to be faced by all of you to whom this is written, and I wonder if you will feel as I do, that despite your physical "going" there will be left behind a part of your spirit which, with all the others, helps make this particular plot such a delightful place.

Many thanks go to all the staff, students, and parents who have helped ensure that an enormous piece of my spirit will hover forever somewhere in the See House.

Au revoir tout le monde. A bientôt j'espère.

John Tansey
(Ex-prin.)

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS





The year 1978 - 79 is in many ways a memorable one in the annals of St. George's College. A phone was installed in the Book Room, and Mr. Gardner's tour went to Jamaica. It is the first year under a new headmaster, and the last for the upstanding and staunch young men who constitute Algebra!

With what mixed feelings indeed will we straggle forth from St. James Cathedral on that fateful June day? What will we take away with us but a few memories, a few library books, and stores of civilized and gloriously irrelevant information? I like to think that we will have with us, always, the spirit of Algebra!

It is this spirit that unifies us all, from the newest boy to those of whom it is whispered with awe that they have survived nine years in these hallowed halls. It is this spirit that makes us greater than the simple summation of individuals: greater than the Secretary of the Student Council, greater than our track and rock star, greater even than the Head Boy, for He is but one among us. This is the spirit of Algebra, manifested by everyone, from the engineers, whose handiwork yet stands in the basement of the See House, to the philosophers, whose "loca mathematici" will inspire future generations of Georgians.

It is my sincere hope, then, that this spirit may remain with us throughout the coming years to guide our course, to influence our political opinions and executive decisions, and to lead us to inevitable success.

P. Jennings, Algebra Rep.

GRADE THIRTEEN



Is it the purpose of higher education to instil within the students a subject based on a set of abstract and impractical principles? Surely it is not. The boys graduating from that exercise in obscurity (referring to Algebra of course) are no more prepared to meet the challenges of the real world than they are honest enough to give an accurate evaluation of their seemingly limited prospects. But all is not lost for this year's grade 13 graduating class. Yes, there were some who dared to break away from the norm, to stand up to the forces of the mathematical establishment and go beyond the fruitless nonsensical ideologies so cherished by the so-called Algebra Aristocracy.

I speak of the dedicated, hard-working intellectuals who, under the enlightened leadership of Mr. Wilson, have devoted much of their energies to the pursuit of knowledge and the study of their beloved Geography. Sure, everyone knows that the ability to work with numbers is as important to the geographer as it is the mathematician but geography is more than this. It is the application of those numbers, the interpretation of integration, the manipulation of multiplication; it is digits with direction. Not only is Geography the keystone to the understanding of the world around us, but it is now the lifeline and salvation of the graduating class. How many lonely hours have these persevering young gentlemen labored in the semidarkness of room 9, and yet brought forth so much brilliance? How many cheap easy marks have they sacrificed by choosing the rockier and more daring fork in the academic pathway?

When the Georgian community focuses its attention on the front rows of the auditorium at St. James Cathedral in June, it will be gazing with admiration and respect upon the tightly-knit elite group of individuals representing some of the greatest geographical minds yet to be seen. Upon closer examination they will also notice disproportionately large number of empty seats. You see, it is not entirely inconceivable that the remainder of the graduating class would be so geographically inept that they would be unable to locate St. James Cathedral.

So march forth triumphantly, you brave geographers, for though you are different, you are individuals not afraid to be counted.



Eric Fergusson, Geography Rep.



Mike Le Feuvre



Mark Hunter



Michael Le Gresley





Richard Lloyd



Paul Jennings



Bob Shirer



Rob Linghorne



Chris Baillie



Mark Beattie



Joe Levey



Jay Murray



Dean Turney



Eric Fergusson



Ibrahim Shanshal



Paul Lynch



Nick Shilletto



Cam Grassweller





Jim Carl



Keith Lawes



Andy Spears



Robin King



David Reive



Keith Fletcher



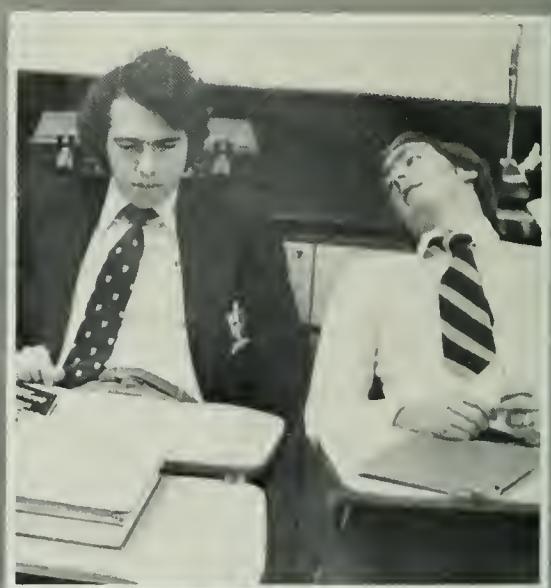
Peter Gibson



Mike Richardson



Peter Levitt





Jim Lanskail



John Lundon



John Darrigo



Gord Montgomery



George Flint

Peter Butler



John Millen



Ian Wilks



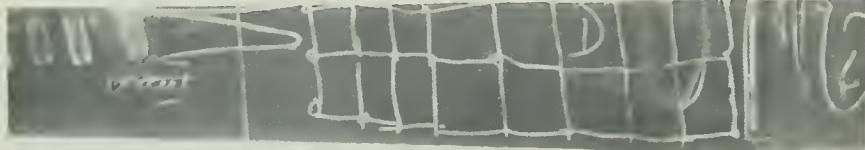


BACK ROW: Peter Crossman, Richard Stewart, John Northcott, Leo Delelis.
 FOURTH ROW: Peter Hughes, William Dafoe.
 MIDDLE ROW: Rob Beaumont, Mark Worrall, Rob Evans, Bryan Campbell, Scott Roos.
 SECOND ROW: John Ball, Mike Cirha, Dave Davies, Geoff Bernardo.
 FRONT ROW: Rob Secor, Ian Schenkel, Geoff Morphy, Mark Auld, Ed Bechard.
 ABSENT: Raymond Dames, Peter Nigoghossian, Andrew Podnieks, Ed Jarjour.

The class of Twelve-One is one of those rare groupings of many different people and philosophies. And it is the unsuitability of personality and thought that yields the most hilarious experiences. Pranksters all, we enjoy a playful dig at each other's weak points. Some are even quite belligerent. Rob Evans' careful compliments about Davies' personal hygiene and immaculate dress are incisive, and Schenkel's kind salutations to the deviants, Dames and Nigoghossian, echo in each class. Others are more subtle and refined, however. "Dick" Stewart and John Northcott frolic to and fro their heated banter.

We are proud of what we are and of those we associate with. We share the glory of our comrades' successes and suffer their losses. Georgians we are and will be, ever deserving of that fine honour.

David Davies



TWELVE-ONE



TWELVE-TWO

FRONT ROW:
Pat Burka
Lindsay Smith
Tom Moog
Dave Hilliker
Jock MacLachlan



BACK ROW:
Doug Chaddock
Gary Davidson
Dan Hicks
Paul Mazze
John Skey

MIDDLE ROW: Mark Heisey, Chris Winship, Rob Shuttle, Jim Belch, Rob McClelland.





Our class enjoys all sorts of activities. At times school becomes humdrum, but we make up for this by increasing the potential of our vigorous, intense, social lives. In fact, every moment of the weekend is used to fulfill our social needs. The marks of our class are moderate. Cheers to all from 12 - 2.

Jock MacLachlan.





ELEVEN - ONE



BACK ROW: Leonard Bosschart, James McLaren, Chris Dowd, Doug Jones, Ron Werda.
FOURTH ROW: Mike Cochrane, Kevin Bradshaw, Cary Murphy, Brian Angus, Patrick Baillie.
THIRD ROW: Arthur Kennedy, Fraser Morrison, Andrew Bonar, Corey Glynn, Ian Campbell.
SECOND ROW: Brian Tobin, John Bolitho.
FIRST ROW: Jamie Zakuta, Cam Clokie, Jeff Archibald, Charles Arnoldi.
ABSENT: Andrew Trusler, Wayne Stokes, Bill Clarke.

What makes Eleven-One special? I haven't a clue. Many people have told us many times that we are special, or, should I say, different. However, no one has endeavoured to tell us why, so perhaps in the course of this rather brief exposition I might stumble across some explanation.

Our class has remained mostly the same since grade seven, when Mr. Birkett tried to harness us into "Georgians". Where were we? For the most part everyone was new to the private school game, but the results of strict discipline are now evident. (I say as a first-floor locker is found upside-down, door facing the wall on the second floor, and as a piece of Mr. D'Arcy's chalk explodes against the board.) The next few years were turbulent as we annihilated two math teachers, (both vowed never to teach us again and one escaped to New Guinea) and learned a three-year geography course in five months of classes. These, for sure, are major events in the maturing of Eleven-One. But what makes us "special"? (I say as Bill 'Billsie' Clarke loses his neck to the grip of Kevin 'Shah' Bradshaw.) Let us take a scene in a class during the returning of tests (for which we have won some acclaim.) After a line of marks of 94, 86, 80, 78, 96, 89, sighs and murmurs arise from left field. "Sir, what did I do

wrong?" "Aw e'mon. Ten marks as a gift isn't that bad." "But Sir, it's the difference between life and death, 85 and 90."

Along with the Eleven-One vocabulary of nine words and phrases are average, mark, percent, what number? wad ju get? help, perfect, why and ha ha I beat ya. Is this what makes us different? (I say as Arthur 'Floppy' Kennedy's play punch sends Mike 'Rubber-man' Cochrane flying over two desks and Chris 'The Dude' Dowd slicks behind his briefcase for safety.) No, but it accounts for numerous proficiency award records. Is that what makes us different? Are we different because we play fifty innings of baseball in the rain, or is crazy the word?

Maybe what we have done or accomplished is special or different (or crazy), but I think that we are no more special than anyone else. I was supposed to discover the class spirit of Eleven-One in this essay, but it seems to exist in what happens day-to-day. (I say as James 'Popeye' McLaren pounds mercilessly on the window to be let back in out of the snow.)

Corey Glynn



The Georgian Society is blessed with the many attributes of 11 - 2. Over the years, we have compiled a unique reputation stemming from our desire to indulge in the 'adult' activities. Therefore, our extra-curricular activities include bar-room chat, smoking and lounging. We, however, always have our homework completed; math is done in English, English is done in History, but History simply isn't done at all.

Some people in 11 - 2 possess a strong interest in the well being of St. George's college; they really do enjoy improving their surroundings in the college. Some have reconstructed their lockers to create a more homely environment. Some have gone so far as to clean and shampoo their lockers; and some were so anxious to do so that they didn't even remove their books.

Many of us are interested in other activities, such as those involving the law, fake identification and body building. Two persons even have had intimate experiences with the courts, and have had the privilege of pleading guilty. "Body building requires a person who is devoted and artistic" say the muscled enthusiasts of our class; no one has disagreed with them yet (and lived).

The most distinctive feature of 11 - 2 is this: it is always given the privilege of breaking in new teachers. Any teacher surviving our initial punishment may be considered capable of surviving anything.

Chris Payne

P.S. If anybody knows the whereabouts of Sami Bazooka, please notify 11 - 2.



ELEVEN-TWO



BACK ROW: Bruce Lawes, James Osborne, Ron Cowan, Paul LePiane, Alasdair Campbell.
THIRD ROW: Ramon Forgiel, Edward Newell, Geoffrey Guy, Stephen Dembroski, Skip McGrath.
SECOND ROW: Chris Payne, Robert Keily, Ian DeHass, David Hill, Peter Keresteci.
FIRST ROW: Jeffrey Sedgwick, Brett Evans, Peter Rider, Peter Miller, Andrew Malcolmson.

TEN - ONE

It is French class, and I am struggling to get to sleep. It's getting harder to sleep in class, nowadays. Every so often one gets hit by a Beattie or Batten Airlines paper airplane flight, abruptly ending its silent cruise behind Father Pegler's innocently oblivious back. B and B airlines are more mature this year than last. They no longer put their names on every flight as they used to do, and they use only the highest quality folding paper (Gardener Tours Brochures). If I fall asleep, some urchin might grab my books or my shoes and pass them along the floor to the farthest corners of the room. Something is always being circulated - Gym bags, Gym clothes, Texts, Tests, Notebooks, Blazers, Underwear - but usually shoes. If I fall asleep I might miss the latest antics by superstar Charlie McCormic, who has the unique ability of driving teachers into throwing water at him and kicking over desks. I might miss Scott Burk's daily stupid question (Quote - "Sir, name me just ONE thing that lives in the Sea" - from a recent Biology class).

What do I dream of during my scolastic slumbers? Often, I go over fond memories of the English assignments I toiled over for Mr. Mainprize two months ago (and haven't seen since. Will they ever be marked? Can Mr. Mainprize remember back that far back?). Sometimes I dream of being like Dave Camken. He's so masculine!! - He never comes to French class, because he's too smart (muffled choke). Or I dream of swimming like a Fish (Scott Daly, in other words). But mostly I dream of the bell ringing. When it rings the class will start shouting "C'est dommage!" (Remember, it's still French class) which they did when Fr. Pegler first walked in, and then the inane and savage chanting of "Me-te-se, NOUS, VOUS, le-la-les, lui-leur, Y, EN!!!!" will break out in the ranks of the (10 - 1) students. This is the order of French Object Pronouns before the verb, but we don't know that. We just dig the beat.

And so, I fall asleep.

Paul G. Till





BACK ROW: Bruce Alexandor, James LaForet, Carlo LePiane, David Camken.
FIFTH ROW: Peter Anthony, Antony Birozes, Davis Kanbergs.
FOURTH ROW: Scott Burk, Joel Bousfield, Ian Fowler.
THIRD ROW: Robert Allison, Paul Till, Paul Beattie, Scott Daly.
SECOND ROW: Paul Keen, Nicholas Culverwell, Giles Fox, Geoff Batten.
FRONT ROW: Charles McCormick, John Sladeck, Stephen Crerar, Matthew Clarke.

TEN-TWO

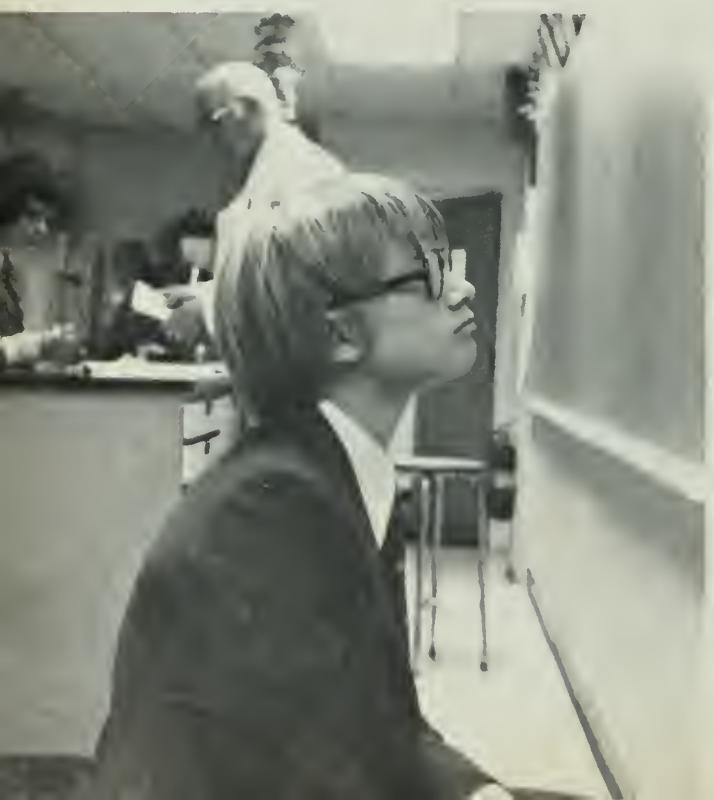


BACK ROW: Stanely Janecek, Miles Rideout, Chris Whitney, Chuck Northcote, David Joy, C. Edwards.

THIRD ROW: David Pitman, Doug North, Kevin Wiseman, Mark VanGinkel, Chris Crassweller.

SECOND ROW: Lee Weston, Kent Paisley, John Edwards, Lauris Yorgason, David Muir, John Labatt.

FRONT ROW: Steve Murdoch, Doug Smith, Richard Taylor, Blake Jacobs, Gordon Baird, Hugh Brown.



The sun has risen over St. George's College, and as the white stone is illuminated with a ruddy glow, another day in the life of 10 - 2 begins. As our home room master is Mr. Gardner, science period seems to be the logical place to start. As roll call proceeds, the majority of the class is congregated around our form's science club, in which everything from reptiles and amphibians to pet rocks and crumpled paper is carefully nurtured and cared for. During the feeding time a variety of delights usually takes place, led by Pitman's Crusaders. Such sideshows range from the pickling of leopard frogs in beakers and duels between hermit crabs and lizards, to the 10 - 2's "Piece de Resistance", the plaguing of our mascot, the Marine Toad, with the unique "Pitman Water Torture." Science often begins with Mr. Gardner demonstrating his flair for pimpmanship. After such boisterous humour as "Why can't you starve on the beach? Because of the sandwich is there!" the Science class then proceeds, taking into account several pauses to ponder over Weston's unanswerable and illogical questions, and corrections from Brown, the pyramid-powered person.

The morning proceeds with each class bringing new horizons.

In the shuffle between classes I spot Miles Rideout thoroughly beating Paisley (alias Slims) about the shoulders with a rubber shark. Relatively normal behaviour, I suppose.

Eventually, French class appears in the distance. Excellent, Friend. As it progresses I become aware of Gordon Baird (alias Hercules) attacking his head with his fingers; it's called hair, Gordon.

Math passes uneventfully, aside from the Rev. Janecek (who is endeavouring to erect his own chapel from an assortment of kneelers and hymn books) making a few facial distortions, the then North, the infamous lizard abductor, letting loose another ear-piercing giggle.

English could be classed no less eventful than any of the aforementioned periods. We may be treated to the daily spectacle of a "Jacobs - Yorgason Face-off"; we are patiently waiting for Jacobs to "Go through a wall."

Latin is the one period where a change of pace comes, as half the class is swallowed up by Geography. "Geography, eh?" "Yup." During Latin we find "Shades" Whitney considering the purpose of life. Or is he asleep? Never can tell.

All normal human beings need sustenance if they are to survive. But then again, so does 10 - 2. Across the lunch table from me, I spy Paisley rapidly consuming food; some of it even reaches his mouth.

With only two periods left to go, the class spirit noticeably brightens, until History. I listen to the droning of both Yorgason, our candidate for prime minister, and Chris Edwards, our accomplished composer of class anthems, who is frequently mistaken for a redwood tree.

Finally our exhausted class is allowed to "let off steam" in the gymnasium, where "all sorts of fun things" happen. Leaping across the mats in an epileptic fashion are Eugene Edward and Doug Smith, our class gymnastic champions, and our economy and compact models respectively. Not to mention Jim Ovendon straining under the weight of 5000 tons (or so he's told us).



One might suspect that when the final bell rings at 2:40, the day is relatively finished. Not so! As Cleopatra once said, "We have only just begun!" Or did she? Well, no matter, scarcely an afternoon passes without the science room filled to capacity. Over the din of Crassweller pathetically sobbing about the untimely demise of his red-tailed shark, and Ritchie Taylor recounting his family's experience with electrocution and Scarborough tundra, the hammering on a lizard box by David Joy becomes audible. As I beat a hasty retreat, I catch a final glimpse of Stephan Murdoch piloting his terrapin through air at the "speed of light", and Kevin Wiseman experimenting how far tree-frogs can fall without collecting workman's compensation; and Jeffery Mock, who in his effervescent way kindly tells Sir that his slip is showing.

Charles Northcott





BACK ROW: Mike Borsch, Pat Hawkins, Ian Crassweller, Peter Cork, Brent Rontledge, Anthony Gray.
FOURTH ROW: David Batten, David Gordon, Tom Belch, Andrew LeFeuvre.
THIRD ROW: Fraser Clokie, Mike Kostiuk, John Gare, Robert Anthony, Andrew Abouchar.
SECOND ROW: James Brebner, Martin Day, Bill Jackes, Andrew Pape.
FIRST ROW: Tim Jewell, André Czegledy-Nagy, John Conforzi, Chris Golding, David Burrows.
ABSENT: Paul Newell.



NINE-ONE



I've made it through the crowded halls;
I say hello to Jewell.
I fumble with my locker door
And get my books for school.

"Today," I say, "I will write down
All that happens here."
And it's then I see Cork pointing
To an object in the air.

It's a bird! It's a plane ! Oh, sorry, folks,
It's Golding way up there.
Sent aloft by some classmate
He flies economy fare.

I make my way to "Wilson's room".
Greeting as I go,
Borsch, Anthony, Czegledy-Nagy,
And others whom I know.

I'm amused by Batten's antics
As he races 'round the class.
I walk up to the nearest desk
And sit upon my ... chair.

The entry of Luke Skywalker
Gives us all a shock.
Yes, it's Pape -- and on each foot
A radiant Star Wars sock.

Mr. Wilson then comes strolling in,
The talking fades away.
We say hello and then we start
The first class of the day.



Dave Gordon

NINE-TWO

We are proud of our class because it is very diversified in its activities.

We are not ashamed of our reputation as a lively group. In fact, we are learning to control our passion for chalk fights, tie duels, etc. (but we wonder if the masters know the reason why 9 - 2 boys are sometimes on all fours when they arrive on the scene). We have, though, put behind us last year's nonsense of eleven in the hall at once.

It is a good thing we have sports to channel our energies! We have many representatives from 9 - 2 on school teams. There are hockey stars like Hugh Phillips, basketball aces like Stephen McMath, slalom skiers like Kevin Smith, and soccer whizzes like Tony Wilson.

To balance our muscle men, 9 - 2 excels in the arts. It abounds in good actors like Kevin McCullum, debators like Graham Morphy, choristers like David Woolcombe, etc. Our class scientist is Allan Howard, while our whiz in quick mathematics is William Walters.

There are many great personalities in our class. A few of them are Andrew Knight, who is our specialist in Boeing 747's, Jeff Stuart, who we can lean on for that extra quarter (?), and last but not least we have the "Great" Jamie MacPherson, the teacher's dilemma!

These are just a few of the twenty-five great individuals that make up the rambunctious 9 - 2.

(Don't give up on us Mr. Walker!)

A. Merrick





BACK ROW: Kevin Smith, Kevin McCullum, Stephen Armies.

FOURTH ROW: Scott Lewis, Andrew Grieve, James MacPherson, Jaimie Gilbert.

THIRD ROW: Stephen McMath, Anthony Wilson, Andrew Rogers, Andrew Walker, Andrew Knight.

SECOND ROW: Timothy Watson, Thomas Fogden, Michael McGrath, Eric Pringle, Andrew Merrick, Graeme Morrison.

FRONT ROW: William Walters, Jeffrey Stuart, Graham Morphy, David Woolcombe, Michael Wynn.

ABSENT: Allan Howard, Hugh Phillips.



EIGHT - ONE

At the onset of our history, we were supposedly the worst class about having locker problems. "Forget" was good at this. He had so many locker problems that Mr. Tansey denied him locker privileges. He had to carry around his belongings in his knapsack and a great big green garbage bag. Another "g-u-y" had to do this also. "Forget" was also good at losing books. If he ever found them, they were either in a nearby garbage can or out in the snow.

One day our class went on an outing in the Science Centre. "Forget" somehow took the wrong bus and didn't get home till twenty to seven.

In our class there is a basic division: those who like to indulge in sporting activities and those who like to study.

"Shoot" is a class-A person. One day in history, "Shoot" was shooting paper clips (naughty boy!). Our "teacher" wanted to know who it was and began checking several people. He got to "Shoot" and found a

pocketfull of paper clips. "Shoot's" reply was, "I collect them, Sir." "Teacher" let him off.

One day in math somebody burped. Mr. Armitage inquired. When he found out who it was, he said, "Your work hasn't been very good this week. You haven't put up your hand and all you do is burp!"

Another day in math class "Monsieur" was caught talking when he wasn't supposed to be. Mr Armitage asked what he was saying. "Monsieur's" reply was, "I was just telling --- that Max was here". Mr. Armitage told "Monsieur" that he didn't have to tell --- that Max had arrived. He asked " --- " if he knew when Max arrived. " --- " replied "Yes sah! He comes on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday."

For more information see French Book 1, Chapter 2, page 11. Our history continues.

Lester Haraki



BACK ROW: George Hodjera, Tim Henshaw, Stewart Isivan, Paul Darrigo, Paul Hawkins.
FOURTH ROW: Richard Barbaro, Stephen Bolton, William Henry, Jaimie Hicks, Colin Hogg.
THIRD ROW: Kevin Eden, Kent Beattie, Steven Drawbell, Dougal Gordon, Stephen Belch.
SECOND ROW: Roger Cattell, Ted Brezina, Rio MacGiffin, Mark Clarke.
FIRST ROW: Graeme Egan, Lester Hiraki, Andrew Crerar, Jay Jacobs.
ABSENT: Charles Magyar, Harty McKeown.





EIGHT-TWO



BACK ROW: Guy Rideout, Ted Sanky, Mark Overbury.

FIFTH ROW: Darryl Kereluik, Andrew Swenden, Scott Lambert.

FOURTH ROW: John Murray, James Thompson, Nick Norman, Nigel White.

THIRD ROW: Damien Maundcote-Carter, Brian Lomax, Alexi Marcilio, Chris Weymouth, David Nicols.

SECOND ROW: Chris Pelz, Toomas Palo, David Tanovich.

FRONT ROW: Drew Falia, David Turner, Jeff Rusica, Mike Valentine, Andrew Pace.

ABSENT: Micheil Russell.



I, being of insane mind and exhausted body have compiled a list of the most outstanding members of my class. In doing so, I am walking on thin ice, so I have not used names.

8 - 2 is divided into two classes of people, the satirists and critics, and the subjects of criticism. The most interesting person in the first group I will call "Mimic".

Mimic spends his days secretly watching and recording every habit, facial expression, walk and speech pattern of each teacher he sees. Mimic presents his imitations in front of groups all through the school and many teachers become paranoid everytime Mimic's eyes fall on him. The grade 8 - 2 math teacher split his hide laughing when he saw the imitation of himself, and the science teacher put on his usual passive half-smile when he saw the imitation of himself and I'm sure he frantically tried to think of ways to get rid of him.

Another member of the first group is Java, who spends most of his time inventing noises, particularly to do with war. It seems that Java spends all his time perfecting these somewhat infantile sounds, and many a teacher has been verbally machine-gunned by him. Java has an irritating habit of continually pushing the hair out of his eyes and I think he has worn a full centimetre off his forehead.



T.C.O. becomes disturbed quite often, and he usually throws a loud tantrum, including stomping up and down, that becomes a 3 year old child deprived of his rattle. When T.C.O. is able to control himself, he puts on a look of despair and raises his arms in a gesture of totally over-dramatic displeasure. T.C.O. even went as far as doing this on national television (The Quiz Kids) because he fell short of his prize, but they gave it to him anyway just to shut him up.

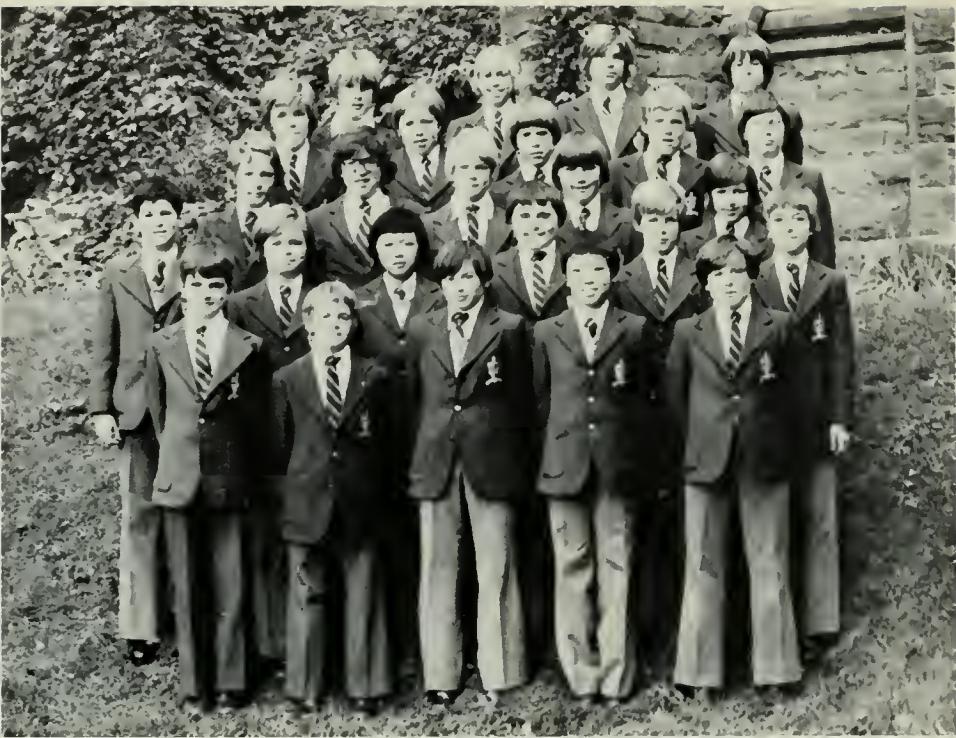
An interesting member of the class who is in between the two groups has been named "Saint". Saint has been given this name because he has a distinct tendency to feel deeply sorry for the subjects of criticism. Saint has a habit of talking like a child in his lighter moods, so I often wonder whether he is half the age he says he is.

"Rocko" is the name of the person in the class who can barely withstand the pain of biting into marshmellow. I believe he only eats "smoothy" peanut butter because he's afraid that that crunchy peanut butter will put him in the hospital.

What an "interesting" collection of Georgians.

J. Murray





GRADE SEVEN-S

BACK ROW: Jeremy Wedgewood, Anthony Culverwell, George Scarbek-Borowski, Rob Jull.
FOURTH ROW: David Stacey, Peter Bond, Carl Schulz, Chris Lynch, James Moore.
THIRD ROW: Alastair Mitchell, Paul Johnson, Scott Merrick, George Panos, Nicholas Marcilio.
SECOND ROW: Daniel Silver, Liam Ball, Mark Wang, Eric Sharf, Chris Osborne, John Brezina.
FRONT ROW: William McCausland, Paul Shirer, Mathew Schneider, Rupert Hon, Jeremy Tindall.
ABSENT: John Magyar.

WANG OUT THE WINDOW!

7 - S had just come up from the locker room when Panos started dumping desks of books. Wang and I went up to the chalkboard and started drawing pictures of Mr. Stevenson with fangs. Panos yelled, "Hey everybody, let's throw McCausland out the window!" We all agreed, but at the last moment before he was tossed out, Moo Moo said, "McCausy is no fun. Let's throw Wang out the window!"

After a struggle we succeeded in getting Wang out, and then locked the windows. Wang went down the fire escape. Just then Mr. Clayton walked in and told everyone to sit down. Wang walked into the room and Mr. Clayton asked him, "Where were you?"

Wang explained, "Well sir, everyone threw me out the window." We burst into a fury of laughter.

Mr. Clayton said, "You should have thought up a better excuse. You have a d.t. tonight."



John Magyar





BACK ROW: Ian Edward, Chris Gilbert.

FOURTH ROW: Alex Fogden, Jeremy Graham, Paul Clark, Dana Crang, James Allodi.

THIRD ROW: Peter Allison, Nicholas Gough, Jonathan Burnside, David Dembroski, Peter Bird, Nicholas De Pencier.

SECOND ROW: Fred Fruehauf, Victor Freiberg, John Brezina, John MacIntosh, Brian Chose.

FIRST ROW: Chris Bramble, Gregor Gilbert, Tony Hanley, David John Clyde, Mark Halyk, Peter Cameron.

ABSENT: Michael Gare.

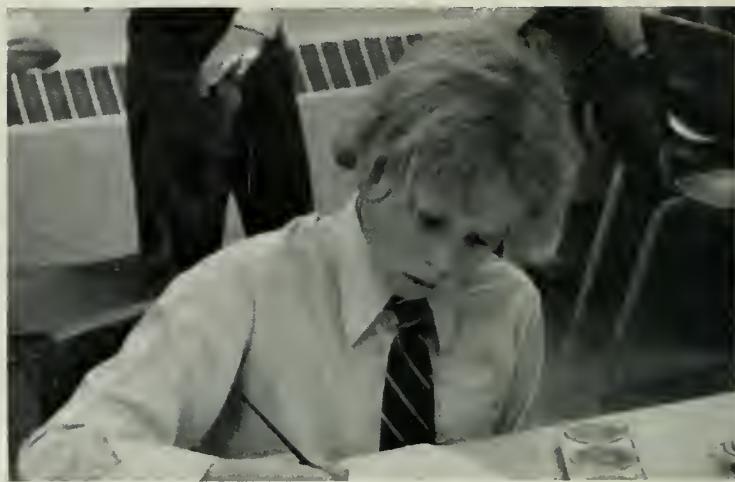


GRADE SEVEN - B

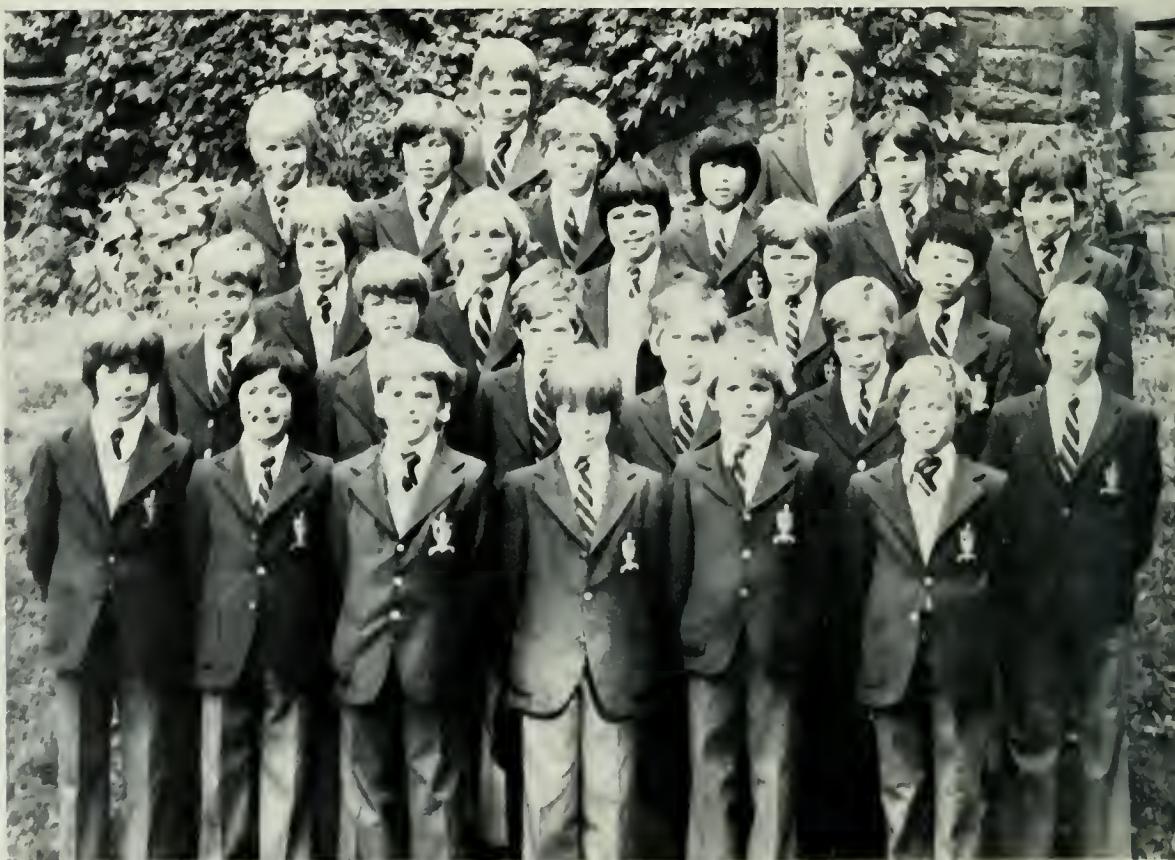


Up at Norval, Dr. Barlow was strict. When we went to bed he wouldn't let us talk or put our heads up. One night we were all laughing while Dr. Barlow was on the phone and then suddenly it was silent. But Gare made a funny noise and everyone burst out laughing. Dr. Barlow came into the room and demanded to know who made the noise. He said that the person had fifteen seconds to own up or else! So Gare went over to Dr. Barlow and Dr. B. told him to go downstairs. Everyone listened and then a hit echoed through the building. Afterwards Gare ran upstairs and jumped into bed and from then on it was silent.

GRADE SIX



BACK ROW: David Hind-Smith, Kevin Healer.
FOURTH ROW: Peter Stevenson, Duncan Fells, Piers Steel, Glen Chow,
Charles Robertson, Blake Macaskill.
THIRD ROW: Stephen Beatty, Tom Kerr, Jason Shirriff, Alastair McCully,
Cedric Lam.
SECOND ROW: Frank Hassard, George Crabbe, Derek Archibald, David
Direnfeld, Rohan Nicholls, Peter Smith.
FIRST ROW: Jean-Paul Boyd, Christian Hoffman, Tim Verbie, Nicholas
Golding, Andrew Drillis, Doug Plaxton.





It was 8:30 when I got to school. I was down in the locker room wondering when assembly would end. When it did, I ran upstairs, I heard someone say, "Late again, Geordie?". I got in the class, time for work, I thought. Two minutes have passed, Dr. Barlow should be in any second, and in school, every second is valuable time. Dr. Barlow just stepped in, and already 10 hands are up. People are asking about pencils, pens, books, homework, and poor Dr. Barlow has a hard enough time without pestering. I stare into space wondering what will happen next, when we get our test papers back. One person passed, well at least the test was grade 9 stuff. The bell should ring any second now. 5-4-3-2-1-0-1-2-3-4-5 seconds late, but at least it rang. Into math, Mr. Smith asks how many pages of math we had for homework, and we said none. Poor Mr. Smith, but as you know all good teachers have their ups and downs.

G. Crabbe



MOVEMENTS IN THE DARK

People walk slowly into the room feeling around for a safe place to sit or leave their belongings. Suddenly, without warning, people swarmed in ripping books, hitting, punching, screaming. They came in like savages, hitting whatever they could get at, but not knowing what they hit for the darkness. This went on for how long I will never know. A flashlight came on blinding everybody who it shone on. It still went on because the flashlight could not cover everything. Two flashlights went on, then three. It was under control. Relieving sighs of gladness could be heard from all points. People stood up and looked at what was their belongings. Books were torn and scattered in all directions. People hurt, things smashed. Even now there are scars from that day. I could not imagine in such a place in such a time with such people.

P. Steel



BACK ROW: Tim Walters, Peter Istvan, Steven Henshaw.

FOURTH ROW: Johy Freyman, Mike Woolcombe, Pat Rea, Doug Cornwall.

THIRD ROW: Andrew Montgomery, Geoff White, David Hewlett, Stephen Jones, Mike Rutherford.

SECOND ROW: John Sayers, David Allison, Craig London, Roger White, Stephen Johnson, Mike Grasley.

FRONT ROW: Andrew Gorman, Mike Henry, Jonathan Wheeler, Neil MacDonald, William Timmouth, Galen Ash.
ABSENT: Kyle Thompson.



GRADE FIVE



Everybody likes to draw, not only in art class, but in French Class too. Maybe there's a mistake in the timetable. We like to draw everyday.

When Mr. Birkett is writing on the board he has his back to the class, so we can get away with drawing most of the time, but quite often another master enters the room while everyone is busy, drawing pictures. We all slip them into our desks and stand up. Then as soon as the master leaves, we start drawing again.

Drawing in French class is a lot of fun, but the trouble comes every Thursday afternoon. By the time we must go to art class we've run out of ideas and we're tired of drawing. We have to think of new ideas before we can start.

Our first class is Math, taken by Mr. Smith. His hobby is throwing plastic hockey pucks and giving D.T.'s. Then we have him again in Social Studies. Mr. Smith's main problem is getting off topic. Now we're in French class, taken by Mr. Birkett. He's another off topic teacher. Yesterday we were learning about Rome, today we're learning about the school's history. Now we're in English, taken by Mr. Fullford. His hobbies are operating with hockey sticks and giving D's. Now we're in Science (Dr. Barlow). He's the best teacher to get mad. He's very unobservant. I can't say what me and someone else do all through class, because then he'd be sure to catch us.

We have games now, taken by Mr. Dunkley. Last time we had games Mr. Dunkley made some bad calls, so three of the four houses put up signs and started cheers saying, "Boo, Mr. Dunkley," and "Bad calls." All in all he favours York. We have some other teachers too.

M. Woodcombe
N. MacDonald



GRADE FOUR



BACK ROW: Gareth Edward, David Baldwin, Alexis Carty, Ashley Nicholls.

THIRD ROW: Mark Fowler, Chris Bull, Jon Hames, John Woolsey, Paul Duchart.

SECOND ROW: Victor Mehra, Tommey Clandinin, Ashley Chow, Blakeney Brown, Robert Harrison.

FRONT ROW: Nick Rodomar, Chris Harper, Kory Thompson, Adrian Melnick, David Cunningham, Thomas MacKay.



When I had my tour of Saint George's College, Mr. Tansey took my mother and me around the school. When he took us up to the Grade Four Room, they had just finished getting dressed, and Mr. Tansey said we should have come up sooner. Then everybody laughed and laughed.

We went back to his office and talked. He told me that when we were bad, we got six wacks with a running shoe from Mr. Baxter. Or, if we were really bad, we got the cane from Mr. Allen or Mr. Tansey. On the way home in the car, I kept saying to my Mom that I didn't know whether I wanted to go to S.G.C. because I was scared I'd get the cane. But it has turned out to be a great school because I have lots of friends, and I know lots of people.

Robert Harrison





It is difficult to say why our photographers take such terrible pictures of Grade Fours. Perhaps it is because of their size, it being easier to focus upon large things than upon small things. Or perhaps it is because of their excess of nervous energy, manifesting itself perpetually in barely-perceptible twitching. Whatever the reason, be content. Next year they will be Grade Fives, so you can stare at them then.

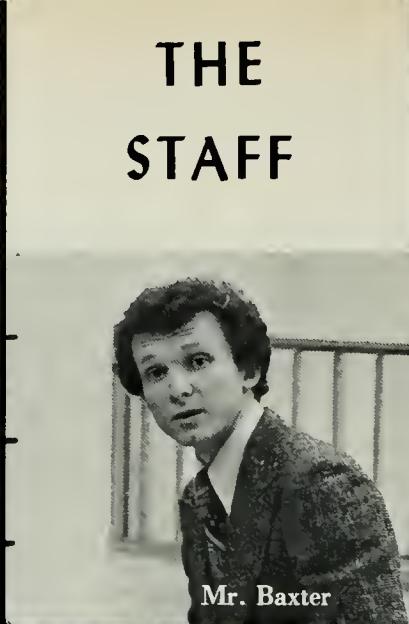
ed.



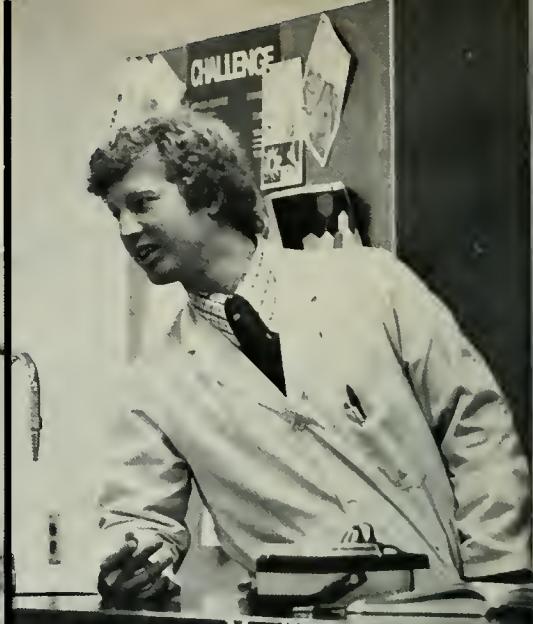
THE STAFF



Mr. Smith



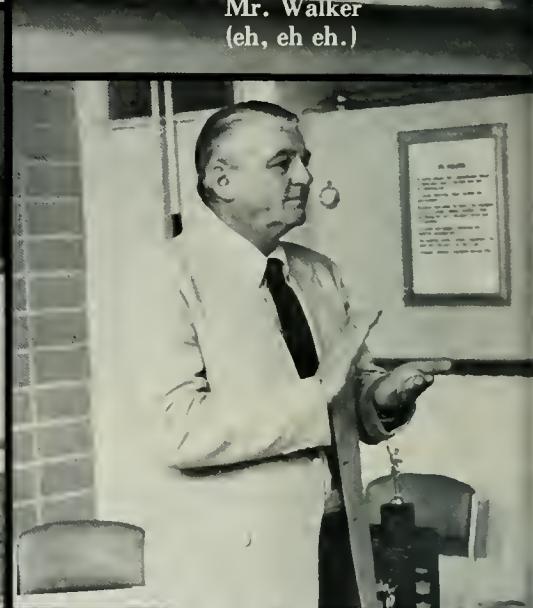
Mr. Baxter



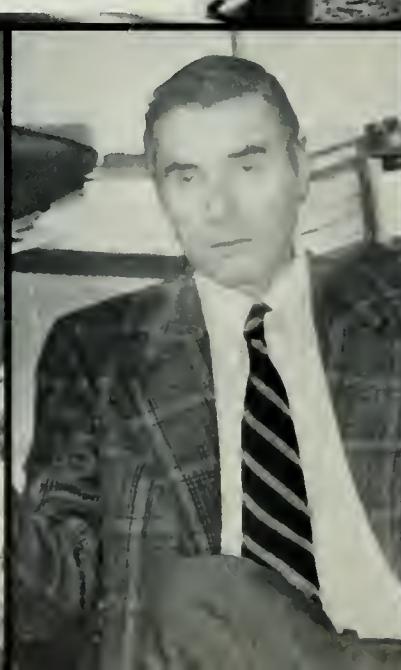
Mr. Walker
(eh, eh eh.)



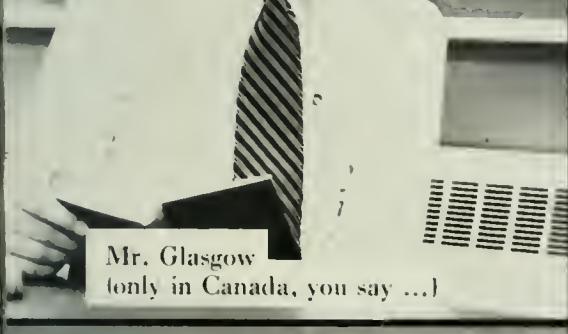
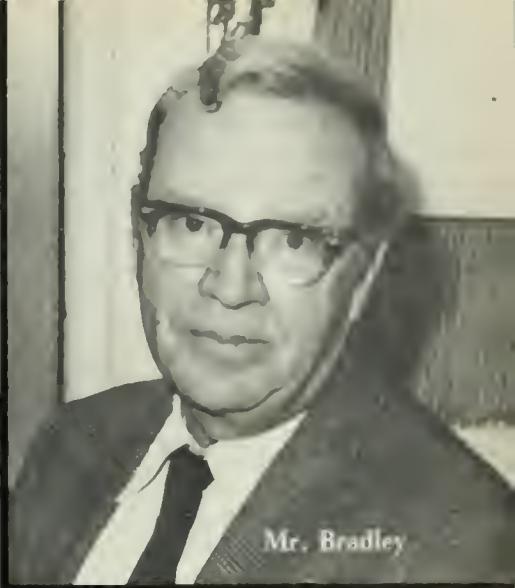
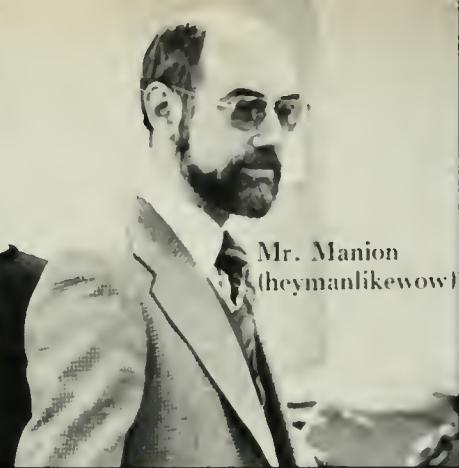
(No, Sir, I'm not Jock MacLachlan.)

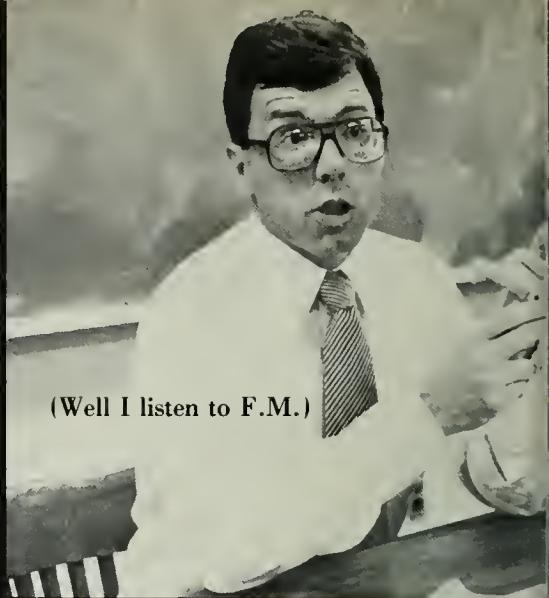
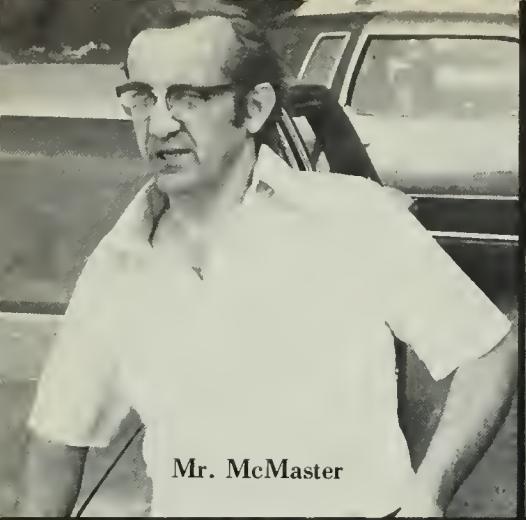


Mr. Birkett



(Hi, Mike, you're cut.)

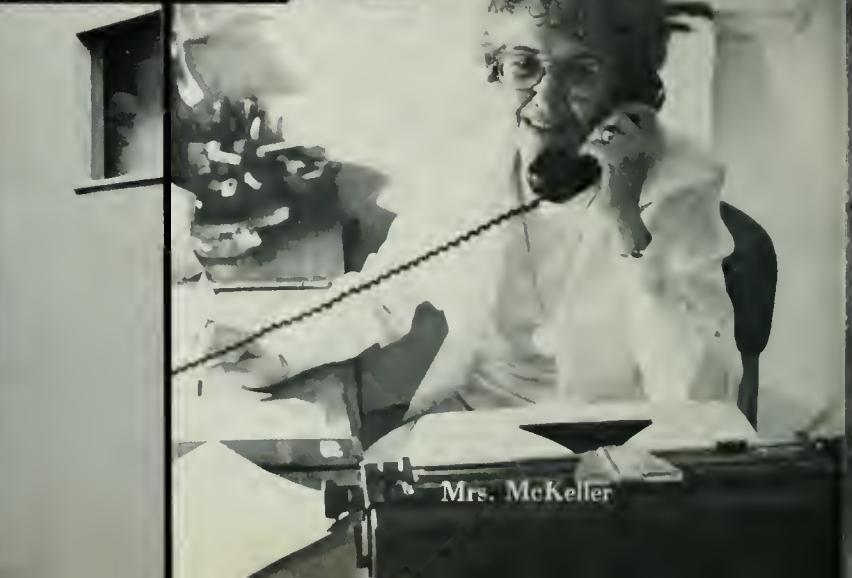


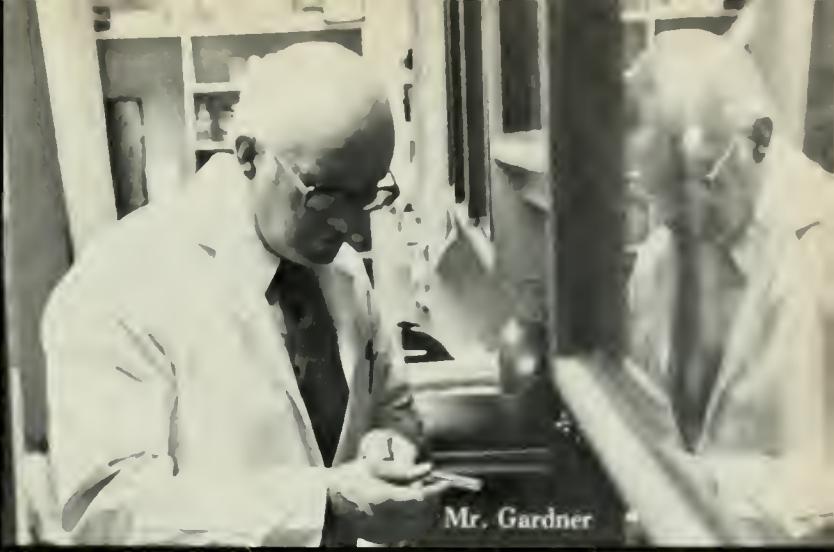






(Disco Doug)





Farewell To Mr. Tansey



Being told that one's new appointment begins on April Fool's Day is decidedly disconcerting and ominous. Mr. Tansey faced, however, not only a new position but also one that involved the use of another language, somewhat rusty after long disuse.

He leaves with our best wishes and our complete confidence in the fine job that he will do as Principal of the French School (High School Division). Throughout the five years that he has been Principal of the Junior School, he has consistently supported the concept of "collegium" by expressing complete confidence in his staff's ability and listening to their advice. He has also promoted the somewhat novel idea among independent schools that the junior school is more than just a younger version of the senior school, but rather a totally different educational approach, necessitated by the different needs of the age group dealt with.

Having taught at St. George's College gives one a life membership in a very special institution and thus we rejoice that we have placed one of our members as head of another school. He remains a member of the S.G.C. family and we look forward to seeing him "at home" often in the future.

PREFECTS



BACK ROW: Nick Shilletto, Peter Gibson, Paul Lynch, Dean Turney.
FRONT ROW: Peter Levitt, Cam Crassweller, Mark Hunter, Head Prefect; Eric Fergusson, Ian Wilks.

Duties were a major part of being a prefect. Friday chapel service was only one such duty. Others included anything from Junior Assembly to the Christmas Carol Service. Lunch time, however, became a despised time of the day if anyone was designated either to Max's Travelling Delicatessen or the luxurious Dining Hall. The lunch truck itself was something to be avoided. Someone, however, had to make sure that order was kept amongst the students who tested daily the strength of their intestinal system. Due to the conflicting schedules, the prefects involved in the hockey programme found themselves at ease during the winter months; between hockey games and never-ending meetings, they seemed to escape such duties. Anti-hockey prefects Wilks, Fergi and Dean (actually they didn't understand the aesthetic values of the game) ended up with the brunt of these daily tasks. February proved to be the worst month; even with the

best of clothing, one seemed to suffer from the perma-frost that set into one's body. Perhaps the worst days were when Max offered free food as compensation for all this.

When not on duty or in classes, the prefects retreated to their sanctuary, commonly known as the "Prefect's Room". The room was most likely condemned in 1969, but still managed to provide many favourable benefits, despite its uninspiring appearance; every morning one could drop one's debris neatly upon the cluttered floor; it provided a place to regenerate oneself during the morning break; the economics students could take a field trip there when they decided not to go to class; one could insult Dean without being heard in the halls; Craw-Dog could generate his moodiness there (Gibson could help him); one could enjoy some music from the superb stereo with one-and-a-quarter speakers. All the modern conveniences were available as well - refrigerator,

stove, etc.; there was even a television for awhile, but some looked upon the "Flintstones" each lunch hour with a certain distaste. The room provided place where Shilletto could practise his destructive sculpturing; it was a place where various individuals could practise their P.I.T. courses; moreover, it provided employment for Carleton (Andrew Papel), our doorman.

Mark Hunter



EVENTS





STUDENT'S COUNCIL



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I suppose that this was a disappointing year for some. We incited no flash revolutions. We did not fill the treasury to capacity. We crucified no teachers. Admittedly, such projects have, to varying degrees, been undertaken in the past and have, to varying degrees, achieved success. But the 1978-79 Student's Council turned its attention to other matters, matters a little more "in tune" with the needs of the student body. Nevertheless, many will say we were doomed into failure from the beginning.

Well, we didn't accomplish everything we had hoped for, but

(since that is the way the Student's Council usually functions) this year was by no means a failure. Once again, our ability to think up interesting 'a-thons' and generate money was demonstrated in our United Way Campaign victory. As well, our dances were mostly well-attended and (it is said) interesting; along the same lines, we funded the Concert of the Cornhusks, the first of what may be a series of annual talent nights. We have also purchased a notice board for the school, to be used specifically as a means of separating House League information from the rest of the balderdash that is posted.

But we did have our difficulties. Absentiism was such that, by the

rules of the Constitution, almost the whole Student's Council could have been impeached.

Alexei Marcilio set a new attendance record with his .314 pct. Of those who made it to the meetings, some talked and sputtered incessantly, and more than once had to be shut up. Others, such as my Senior Vice-President, kept falling asleep. In addition, I found out early in the year that for the Council to succeed, there must be co-operation between us and those people higher up in the school's establishment. The lack of assemblies left us without a voice (so to speak), because no matter how many notices were posted, the reps either didn't or wouldn't pay attention to them.

There were members of the council, however, who were always present and whose help proved invaluable to me. Although I would like to thank my entire executive, there is one of whom special mention must be made; Ian Wilks, my secretary, provided me with advice and support throughout the year. I would also like to thank Andrew Spears for his never-ending work on the Social Committee. And many thanks to Katie Fisher ("as all of you know, the social-head of B.S.S."), who proved that behind every successful man, there is a woman.

Nick Shilletto



COUNCIL MEMBERS

NICK SHILLETT (PRESIDENT)
JOCK MACLACHLAN (VICE-PRESIDENT)
IAN WILKS (SECRETARY)
CAM CRASSWELLER (TREASURER)
ANTHONY BIROZES (MID. VICE-PRESIDENT)
ANDY SPEARS (SOCIAL COMMITTEE)
KEITH LAWES (SOCIAL COMMITTEE)
ARTHUR KENNEDY (SOCIAL COMMITTEE)
MIKE RICHARDSON (13)
PAUL JENNINGS (ALGEBRAREP)

MARK WORRAL (12-1)
ROB McCLELLAND (12-2)
ARTHUR KENNEDY (11-1)
JAMIE BRENZEL (11-2)
CARLO LePIANE (10-1)
DOUG SMITH (10-2)
BILL JACKES (9-1)
KEVIN McCULLUM (8-1)
GEORGE HODJERA (8-1)
ALEXEI MARCILIO (8-2)

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The Student's Council did much this year, not all of it good. If those of us graduating were to adhere to tradition, we should merrily cast any such gloomy thoughts, any unfilled ambitions, any mis-achievements, to the Garbage Heap of History. Perhaps, however, we ought to give failure worth by perceiving its nature and removing its causes, for, if history does indeed repeat itself, then a few years like this one might find the Council itself cast upon the forementioned Heap. This year we frittered away \$500 on an elaborate Formal Dance. The motion was (sort of) passed on March 5, with few questions asked, with little discussion, and with most of the Grade Thirteen representatives

absent. The \$1,400 expenditure required 70 couples to attend the Formal, that no deficit might be sustained. Just over half that number arrived. Why on March 5 did we not look forward and perceive the difficulties of such a precondition? Why did we not look into past years and observe attendance problems that were commonly faced? Whatever the reasons, we did not, the motion was passed (sort of), and, as a result, the Student's Council paid \$500 for a lesson that its members should have learned in Grade One, from Elmer the Safety Elephant; look both ways before crossing.

Ian Wilks

TREASURER'S REPORT

This has not been one of the Treasury's better years. We lost \$600. Left with \$1,700, we leave \$1,100, a 35% loss. The main reason for this deficit was, of course, the Formal. Though extravagant, it was ill-attended and lost over \$500. As usual, most of our income was derived from the dances; also, to the surprise of Many People, we made about \$100 on the Concert of the Cornhusks.

In concluding, I would like to thank Andrew Spears for all his assistance this year, in sorting out the various social Committee expenditures and receipts. I wish next year's financiers good luck.

Cam Crassweller



SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT



Yes, for all you non-socialites, we did have some dances this year. Unfortunately, too many people neglect to pay attention to the hideous posters that Andrew Spears likes to stick up all over the school; this is perhaps because they all (God knows why) end up stolen and hidden away in unknown lockers. But next time, before they disappear, try to NOTICE them, and read them - and you will realize that they are, in fact advertising those tremendous social occasions hosted by the St. George's College Student's Council Social Committee.

We did have some very good turnouts this year. Our first two dances were packed, and our third, due to the great number of rival attractions around Toronto that evening, was as filled as could be expected. (It was even rumored that the famed hermit, Ian Wilks, attended it.) So, we made a profit on two and broke even on the third - quite an accomplishment considering our problem with security which we have never been able to solve; the day we can get everyone out of the parking lot to PAY at the front door is the day we'll make a great deal of money.

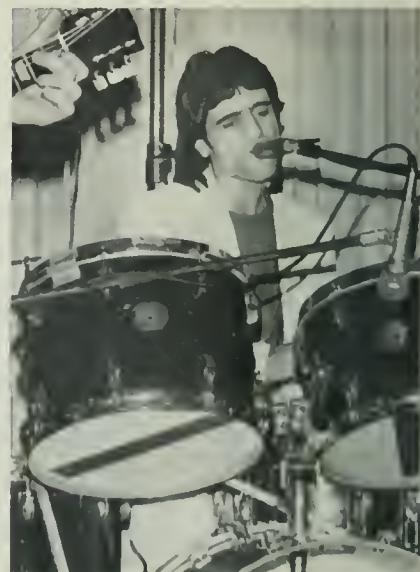
In October we presented Harbenger. If you could have seen through the fortress of equipment on our tiny stage, you would have caught a glimpse of a great band. In February St. George's experienced a new revelation in guitar squeaks and bellowing base

drums. To offset the drudgery of yet another dance with Abbey Road, the Lids were used as a warm-up act. They were a smash hit, climbing to success in our humble rock palace, "Ketch-it-all" Hall. The Lids, to the dismay of many of their fans, went commercial and staged the Concert of the Cornhusks in May, featuring themselves. But that old Lid magic made it an evening some people will never forget.

The Formal, which took place in April, must be mentioned. This year's graduating class and many members of the staff were blissfully wined and dined at the Richardson and Lawes residences (respectively), and then whisked away in their cars to the Harbour Castle Hilton. There they savored an evening of spectacle - the sensual jazz of the Climax Jazz Band, the energetic rock of Caesar, and the unrestrained dancing of Mr. McMaster. Everyone retired to the Fergusson residence for a quiet breakfast party.

Much of this year's success must be attributed to the Chairman of the Social Committee, Andrew Spears (It's only too bad that he can't print or he would have told you so himself). But a year of social functions cannot be run by two lips alone; the Committee would like to thank all of the people who helped us this year.

Keith Lawes



UNITED WAY REPORT



Being United Way representatives proved a difficult chore for Mark Hunter and me. Many long luncheons were we compelled to sit through, trying to ignore the buxom agro cheerleaders and sunshine girls sitting just out of hands' reach at the next table, and trying to focus our attention on the pompos speeches presented at the front of the room. But in spite of the extensive servings of Mystery Meat (most pleasantly off-set by the courtesy bar), we did survive.

But we survived only to face other difficulties, at school. It seems that since CHUM stopped staging free concerts for the most successful money-raisers, our general concern for the underprivileged has subsided a little. To say the least, the United Way Drive this year lost a good deal of "steam". There were, of course, exceptions; Mr. Love's class in particular became quite enthusiastic about the campaign and (more importantly, I suppose) was responsible for a large percentage of the school's contribution. David Rieve spent more than a hundred hours in front of a video machine in the lower floor on the C.N. tower. And as a result of the efforts of a few, we won the per capita race in the School Spirit Competition, and received a nice, shiny trophy to decorate the Ladies' Guild Room with.

Keith Lawes



THE LIDS



Once upon a time, there were three frustrated young intellectuals. Like others of their kind, they were trying to find themselves. They sampled wild parties and canlit but those didn't work. So they took refuge in alcohol. As 1977 began to disappear into 1978, they themselves began to disappear into convenient basements and devote their time to beer and music, but especially to beer.

But things began to change. What with their growing interest in music and the growing sales tax on "luxury items", the emphasis of these subversive gatherings was shifted; they were becoming centered on Heavy-Metal Rock, as the young intellectuals began to vent their frustrations upon drums and guitars. And in honour of their unifying bond, a common fascination for a certain pair of ocular appendages, they called themselves THE LIDS.

As time progressed, so did they. Dean Turney on the drums learned how to look like a corpse. The base guitarist, John Lundon, worked on his flexibility, vastly improving his stretch-and bend technique and imitating to perfection a piece of unvulcanized rubber. And Eric Fergusson (lead guitar and vocals) instructed himself in the art of sinewy movement and sensual body-language, to provoke the loins (as it were) of the multitudes of female teenyboppers who would soon compose at least half of his admiring audience.

By February 1979, they were ready for Fame and Notoriety. At an Abbey Road dance they were



ushered onto the stage and given an opportunity to amaze the assembled audience. With their carefully nurtured talent and superb stage effects (such as John Lundon's desperate attempt to stop the performance when he discovered that his base wasn't working), they were a "smash hit" and won their first fans.

Their second appearance was scheduled for the Concert of the Cornhusks, in May. But tragedy struck. Dean Turney felt his musical potential needed other surroundings for true development and left the group to make his own way in the Musical World. So a new drummer had to be discovered shortly thereafter, in the person of Wayne Stokes. THE LIDS quickly re-integrated and were more than ready to put on an exotic performance at the concert of the Cornhusks, their percussionist functioning in a most remarkable fashion.

And from these humble beginnings one may expect THE LIDS to move forward, achieve their destiny, and humble the Musical World. "Let them live on, move sweetly to sing, /Like metalled chimes that ring, /Like pregnant hummingbirds in spring."



THE CONCERT OF THE CORNHUSKS

One rainy day in April, Eric Fergusson was sitting in his basement rolling cornhusk cigarettes, when he quite suddenly had an idea. Why not remove the social life of St. George's College from the beaurocratic strangle-hold of its social committee? Why not give the brooding genius of the St. George's College student body a means of self-expression more public than washroom walls? And why not give the school, grown stagnant on endless Friday afternoon anthems, a little culture?

So, he came to school next day very interested and enthusiastic and communicated the big idea to the other Grade Thirteens. The response was immediate-bored disapproval. But he persisted, and the project began to take shape; there would be a festival of talent on some Friday evening in May, which would provide all species of entertainment, cheap junkfood, and inevitably, the incredible LIDS.

And when the Manifesto No. 1 was taped up beside the bulletin board, inviting all to join the revels, sixteen acts were offered and accepted. Things were bought and rented, dates confirmed and services rendered. Corey Glynn acquired light and electrical equipment, and, with his rusty "schematic", designed a system that blew no fuses. Peter Levitt, John Darrigo and Keith Fletcher helped Fergusson with the rest of the technology and everything seemed set.



However, there was one small problem. Thirteen of the acts cancelled out (below). And so, two days before the BIG DAY, we went talent-scouting. Thanks to Levitt's "connections" a number of persons were found whose ties to St. George's were a little tenuous, but whose talent was superb. They were conscripted.

The evening arrived. In a humid Ketchum Hall, filled with young bodies and extension cords, the spectacle unfolded. Captain Clam and the Aquaducks performed first, invoking spontaneous dancing in the aisles. Bill Whitacre came next, striving to drown out the noise generated by an essentially teeny-bopper audience with his

acoustic guitar. No such luck. Keith Lawes did his Bill Cosby imitation and St. Clair Blues Band (or whatever) treated the audience to some harmonica music. Freudion Frenzy followed; and John (Robert) Beaumont on the piano, and the comedy act of Mike Saunders almost completed the concert; there was but one act to go.

Finally, after the audience had been raised to passion by Joe Levey's public demonstration of his Rodesian mating-call, and by the half-hour delay while Wayne Stokes meticulously applied his make-up, the climactic moment arrived. The Lids began to sing.

And they finished singing and the crowd went home, leaving Ketchum Hall littered with pop-cans and torn-up baseball cards, and leaving a new hole in one of its big green doors.



Ian Wilks

THE FAIR



MY OUTING

Alas, when I missed my turn on the road to the Great Picnic, it was well nigh lunch time before I realized I had come halfway to Sudbury. Thus I did not arrive on the scene until 3 P.M. And when I did, I strove to make up lost time. Sprinting first to the Food Tent, I found that my worst fears were realized when I perceived the desolate remains of what must once have been a glorious heap of hot dogs and beef-on-a-buns. I withdrew and hastened towards my second destination; the Drink Tent. There I met with a different scene, decidedly more appealing; still to be heard was the cheery, foamy gurgle, as gallons of Suds were poured into available containers. Immediately I wetted my



tongue, and buying another for the road, I proceeded forth, clutching hard to my canniken. I was on my way to the much-talked-about Book Nook. But as I moved quickly forward, I spied through a nearby window one of my pupils in rapt conversation with a stuffed chicken. I stopped and stared for a moment, then turning away, I shook my head vigorously and emptied the contents of my canniken onto the ground below.

I passed through the Book Nook, amid piles of unsold volumes; shock and disbelief were my immediate reactions as I considered the folly of man, who could thus neglect the Wisdom of Ages and turn his mind instead to balloons or beef-on-a-buns. Solace came in the form of a small, green plant, purchased to replace my Algebra Plant. Then together we went to where the Dixieland Music was coming from, and found it, and sat down to listen.

A little consoled, I walked to the playing field, where it was my duty to sort out the dozens of people who were expected to be clamoring to run in the 1500 m. To my utter amazement, no one was there. So I went back to the Drink Tent.

Mr. Armitage

Grade Eight Canoe Trip

This was the fifth annual canoe trip run by Mr. Kiddell. We regret, however, that this was the last canoe trip organized by this voyageur. He has left St. George's College to teach in Winnipeg.

Before Mr. Kiddell had mentioned anything about the canoe trip, many of the grade eights knew about it. How? We had been informed by the grade nines that it was the best, 'funnest', most exciting canoe trip of all.

June 19, 1978, 8:00 a.m., the departure time for the trip. All the enthusiastic trippers waited in the light rain for the arrival of Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Clayton (red beard), and the van. We finally left about an hour late.

Arriving at the lake we met our guide whose name was Guy Burry. Our unforgettable trek had begun. We had sixteen kids, four teachers (Mr. Smith, Mr. Fulford, Mr. Clayton and Mr. Kiddell) and seven canoes. The first day proved to be very exhausting and painful for most. Also, our pace was rather slow.

The second day the paddling seemed to speed up, but we encountered our first major portage and slowed down. During the days it was warm, but during the nights the temperature dropped considerably. The cooking was done by our supreme chef, Mr. Fulford. His specialty was instant porridge.

At the portages the teachers carried canoes and the kids carried the rest. There was a portage which everyone wished never existed. It was the mile-and-a-quarter horror which had a small lake in the middle of it. This lake made everyone think that they had made it over the portage. Just our Luck! We had to pack the canoes, paddle across the lake, unpack the canoes, and then walk again.

Mosquitoes are small animals with a big bite. Deep in the bush we would encounter a swarm of about one hundred thousand mosquitoes. If you stopped to rest, you were eaten to death.

Some people went swimming on their own, but the others had to be helped. This role was eagerly filled by Guy Burry and Mr. Smith. Graeme Morrison was one unfortunate soul who was thrown off a six-foot rock fully clothed.

Some wildlife was seen on this trip: black bear, a female moose with two calves, and a few loons.

We were now within one day of returning to the starting point, but most still wanted to continue, or at least that is what they said. Deep down, however, they were glad that they had made it.

We, unfortunately, had two slight mishaps during our excursion. Mr. Kiddell tipped his canoe twice in one day. He said he was just testing his canoe.



Junior School Athletic Night

On a winter night in February, the first Athletic Night was held under the direction of Mr. Dunkley. The evening started with the grade 5 and 6 House League basketball final. A strong York team overcame stiff Westminster opposition to take the championship. Following this, the parents on hand were treated to wrestling, badminton and chess matches as well as a special gymnastics demonstration organized by Raymond Daines. Finally, to end the evening, Westminster and Canterbury met in the grade 7 basketball final. It was a close match with Canterbury the eventual winner. The Athletic Night was a great success, enjoyed by all who participated.



DRAMA



THE CAST

JIM ALLODI
LIAM BALL
CHRIS GILBERT
MARK HALYK
TONY HANLEY
DAVID HIND-SMITH
PAUL JOHNSON
TOM KERR
JAMIE MOORE
ROHAN NICHOLLS
CHRIS OSBORNE
GEORGE SCARBEK-BOROWSKI
JEREMY TINDAL



On the evening of Thursday, May 10, the Junior School Drama Group presented a cogent performance of Noel Coward's NUDE WITH VIOLIN. Despite the immense heat, due mostly to the scintillating acting of Jim Allodi, Jeremy Tindal, Liam Ball, Chris Gilbert, Paul Johnson, David Hind-Smith, Rohan Nicholls, George Scarbek-Borowski, Mark Halyk, Tony Hanley, Chris Osborne, Tom Kerr and Jamie Moore, the audience of classmates, parents, friends and, of course, world-renowned reviewers (with years of experience and great amounts of wisdom) clapped like thunder when, shall we say, the definitive version of NUDE WITH VIOLIN ended.

Dear Dr. Barlow was just as enthusiastic as the rest, despite his initial mutterings over nudity and music (especially with a violin) as "being a psychoanalytically dangerous manifestation of warpedness to those under the age of ..." But he saw very clearly as did we all, that the words, "No one knows like Noel knows", spoken from the heart of the tasteful director, "Coward's man", Mr. Stevenson, were apt, delicious, and without whipped cream.

Oh yes, and by the way, special mention to Kevin McCullum and Graeme Morphy for their trendy sets and costumes.

Reviewingly yours,
Sami Bazooka



SCIENCE FAIR '79

The most significant comment that can be made concerning the Science Fair is that this year Mr. Gardner's fire extinguishers did not have to be recharged. The Ketchum Hall stage was neither covered with mysterious, white stains, nor cluttered with litter; there was no television, no "cream-soda". Order reigned. The "un-moved mover" of it all was, of course, Mr. Walker; he, with the aid of the Gd. twelve executive, headed by Chris Winship and Peter Hughes, conducted a fair unnervingly devoid of chaos.

Naturally, we were not without the usual problems with the rented tables, all ready to collapse. Nevertheless, there was a complete absence of unusual problems, giving rise to an unusual absence of difficulties, and the judging, movement of projects, and public viewing proceeded without check.

I. Wilks





MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR

PETER CORK (HEAD BOY)
ROB ANTHONY (CHORISTER P.)
DAVID BURROWS (CHORISTER P.)
STEPHEN BOLTON (CHORISTER)
GRAEME EGAN (CHORISTER)
JAMIE HICKS (CHORISTER)
ANDREW PACE (CHORISTER)
LIAM BALL
CHRIS BRAMBLE
TED BREZINA
NICHOLAS DE PENCIER
ALEX FOGDEN
CHRIS GOLDING
JEREMY GRAHAM
MARK HALYK
FRANK HASSARD
LESTER HIRAKI
JAY JACOBS
JOHN MacINTOSH
DAMIEN MAUNDTCOTE-CARTER
PAUL SHIRER
DAVID TURNER
JEREMY WEDGWOOD
DAVID WOLLCOMBE



THE CHOIR

Contrary to popular belief, the choir is not an organization formed by Mr. Bradley for the sole purpose of shortening weekends. But one must not, however, go too far and make the mistake of exalting it as some sort of "cultural guardian"; a brief look at its members, who, presumably do the "guarding", will persuade otherwise.

Take the typical practice. Mark Halyk and Nick Wedgewood use their talented voices constantly and enthusiastically, except when they are supposed to. Ted Brezina tries his hardest not to learn anything and, along with Chris Golding, manages to provide a few wrong notes per minute. Entertainment is supplied by Lester Hiraki and his choirmaster impressions. The budding pianist, Jay Jacobs, tries his best to get at the piano, especially if he has been told to stay away from it. Turner sings well and acts small. Meanwhile, two recent graduates from the "B" choir, Bramble and De Pencier, sit very obediently and sing-completely against tradition.

In charge of a motley crew is a motlier collection of choristers, Rob Anthony, David Burrows and myself. We do our best to control the widespread choir-room chatter and gymnastics, and to improve the " deportement ". We neglect to



practice what we preach only occasionally.

But every afternoon at 1:15 Mr. White arrives and this unlikely band metamorphoses into quite a decent singing choir, and under his and Mr. Bradley's direction we do almost seem a little cultured, as those who have heard us at Timothy Eaton Church, Trinity Church and at many, many weddings will bear witness to.



NORVAL

Ask a staff-member to do a write-up about Norval and you will get only the conventional Georgian propaganda. Field studies, personal work habits and independant research are laboriously discussed. A "brief" history of the programme is given. A few suitable clichés ("a week at Norval isn't just a mid-term break", or "Norval is an essential part of life - and science - at St. George's") are thrown in, to smooth things down a bit. And the article (or whatever) is concluded, leaving the reader with the impression that half the school had developed a passionate lust for flora and fauna.

Now ask a Grade Eight. Concerning the educational side of

things his comments will be brief; "a drag ... tedious ... boring ... long". And that about does it. But he will wax lyrical about everything else - the violent games of football, the massive Tuesday night brawl with pillows and suitcases, bland movies. He will tell of how they broke Mr. Love's glasses, how they beat Mr. Love up and tied his shoe-laces together and watched him try to get away, how they jolted him out of a deep sleep by shining a flashlight in his eyes. He will speak of the joy of escaping the evening classes and dis-organizing the "organized" nocturnal games, the joy of embezzelling the donuts provided for the late evening snack and the agony of spilt hot chocolate when it took the surface off one's chest. And he will say a lot more besides, of trees and tents and things that will not bear repeating.

Ask nobody, and all this fiction and fact (whichever may be which) will disappear, to be replaced by a single, irrefutable piece of information: it is only because of the continuing generosity (and forebearance) of Mr. Sadler and Upper Canada College that we can (or will) have occasion to say anything about Norval at all.

ed.

DEBATING

This has not been an easy year to take seriously. Fortune and success did finally smile upon the debators of St. George's College, but their smile, though multi-toothed, was fleeting. At times we were even led to believe that the chaos that has always surrounded our "Debating Society" had been removed. Usually, however, we knew better.

The "we" I refer to, of course, is a collection of four persons, namely, Joe Levey, Paul Till, Andrew Pape and myself. In varying combinations, we formed the teams that, for better or worse, represented St. George's at most of the major tournaments. This was no insignificant task. The average reader is not likely to be acquainted with the slimy sort of person one comes up against in debating tournaments - usually overweight, with personality problems and an unpronounceable name. Most of the males are embryonic politicians and most of the females are ugly and vindictive (most, I say). A classic example of



each type composed a two-person team that Joe Levey and I ran into early in the year. As the male stood at the podium, hands in pockets reading sonorously through several pages of speech (buttocks jiggling faintly under the cool air of the ventilator) the female sat back and glared hideously at us. Each in turn spoke blandly in the most up-to-date jargon and spread statistics about like jam. Having done no research and having written our speeches only that morning, we were, to say the least, overwhelmed. That was the second-last time we ever came to a tournament unprepared.

The last time was the U.C.C. tournament. We actually tried very hard to prepare for that one; such devotion was ours that if we couldn't find an unoccupied room to practise in then we used the boiler room or the washroom (in fact we tried the latter only once - prolonged exposure to the atmosphere of a St. George's College washroom is not an experience to be taken lightly). Nevertheless, we found we had more interesting things to do and we did them. So, when the U.C.C. tournament found us up against a couple of insects from U.T.S., we got wumped again.

But things were not all bad. Our

record in impromptu tournaments was one of the best - second out of thirty-two at St. Clement's (though listed third by an administrative blunder), first out of sixteen at Lawrence Park and tied for first out of about a dozen in the U.T.S. impromptu round. In fact, we seem to be able to do quite well when we are not compelled to assemble mounds of statistics concerning Canadian Politics and Canadian History and Canadian Economic and Social Trends; the distasteful but quite necessary means by which debating success is achieved, in Canada.

But I suppose debating success will be achieved, sometime, at St. George's. As about the youngest debators seen in the Senior Tournaments, Paul Till and Andrew Pape possess what the old, battle-scarred veterans (nodding their heads sagely) would term "potential". Indeed, they compose a team of such interesting contrasts - the quaint, anecdotal style of Till against Pape's sustained outrage - that even the judges might be able to perceive this "potential". But then again, one should never underestimate the slumbrous stupidity of judges.

Ian Wilks



THE GRADE FOUR READING ROOM

It all began, of course, when the Grade Fours were evicted from the Junior School Staff Room, which they had previously occupied and used as a classroom. Observing (one day during a typically chaotic "art" period) their common enthusiasm for "redecorating", I decided to move them up to the run-down Art Room, on the third floor of the See House, and set them loose to restore it. So, a volunteer group of Grade Fours was found and came in to paint and clean. I still have vivid recollections of Mark Halyk rolling the blue paint on the classroom walls with a loose roller. Without hesitation he kept pushing the paint-covered roller back into place with his free hand, and then placed this now paint-covered hand back onto the wooden floor to act as a support. Meanwhile, either Ian Edward or George Searbeck-Borowski (or both) had stumbled into the paint tray. Thus, the floor



became covered with a decorative array of little white footprints and little blue handprints.

Nevertheless, the classroom was made habitable and we turned our attention to the Reading Room. Unfortunately, extensive deposits of rodent manure (from a family of rabbits that we had sought to foster) and the large fluorescent, light bulbs that occasionally dropped out of their sockets, provided a not-too-pleasant atmosphere for reading. At first we abandoned it for the storage of hockey bags (what else!?). But, Mrs. Burk, tired of having to avoid it in her guided tours, decided it should be improved. She, with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Woolsey, a carpenter, an electrician and \$550 in "kind donations", transformed it. What was once the dank junk room known variously as the "Ghost Room" or the "Spook Room" is now a well-lighted, attractive and comfortable Reading Room, filled with National Geographics and other interesting publications, which was officially dedicated on Wednesday, June 13, 1979.

Mr. Baxter

ATHLETIC BANQUET



PRIZE LIST

TROPHIES:

SOCER -
HOCKEY -
SKIING -
BASKETBALL -

TRACK AND FIELD -

BEST ATHLETE, GDS. 8, 9 -
BEST ATHLETE, GDS. 10, 11 -
BEST ATHLETE -
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR'S AWARD -

LETTERS: CAM CRASSWELLER
ERIC FERGUSSON
MARK HUNTER
JOHN MILLEN
DEAN TURNERY

JAMIE BRENZEL
JOHN MILLEN
ANDREW TRUSLER
ERIC FERGUSSON
ROB LINGHORNE
DEAN TURNERY
BILL JACKES
TONY BIROZES
ERIC FERGUSSON
PAT BAILLIE

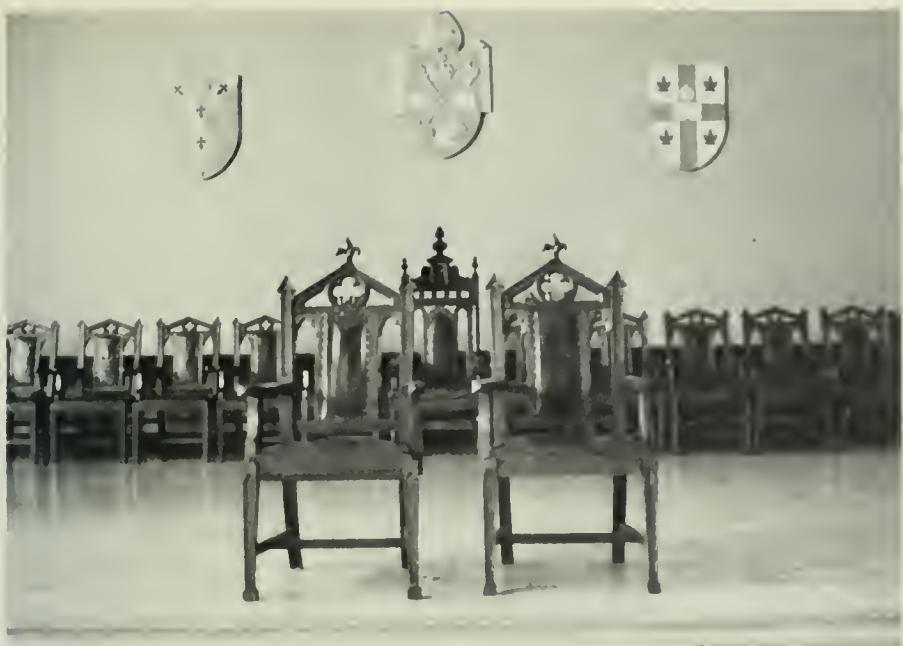
In quiet anticipation the jocks packed the Holiday Inn Conference room, sat down to a meal that some termed edible, and waited. As the evening slithered on, some of these specimens of muscle-tone and sweat began to experience heart palpitations and small, nervous movements. In contrast, of course, was Mr. Dunkley, our own Mr. Dunkley, who became for an evening, the "inestimable Mr. Dunkley". He got the assembled masses assembled, led them through the opening ceremonies and, in fact, through the better part of the evening, with enviable coolness. Never has he been in better form.

Then came the guest-speaker, Mr. Jack Donahue, coach of the Canadian Nation Basketball team spoke convincingly to a rapt audience, punctuating his remarks with a series of well-rehearsed jokes, which gave rise to much bellowing laughter. He underlined the priority of the athlete (i.e. himself), and showed that to this end the aid of Trust, Friendship and Family should be enlisted. Such a credo naturally met with a good deal of enthusiasm; the speeches, the incidental ceremonies, and in particular, the presentation of a piece of clothing to Dr. Shilletto, was savored by all.

And finally, the great moment arrived. The trophies that had stood on the dias for so long, like rows of new cars, attracting the greed-lighted eyes of the jocks, were one by one handed from sweaty palm to sweaty palm. Thus were athletic excellence and dedication honoured, and thus was the evening rendered enjoyable for many, or for all. And the applause rolled like thunder and the third Athletic Banquet surged to a complete success.

ed.

PRIZE DAY



PRIZE LIST

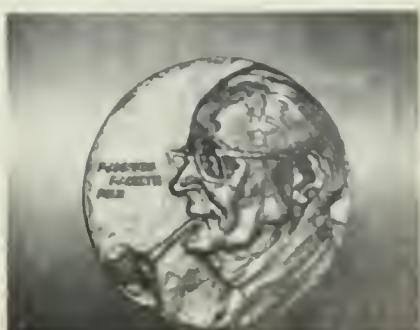
SENIOR MATHEMATICS PRIZE -	PAUL JENNINGS
JAMES MURDOCH DE COSTA AWARD -	MARK HUNTER
E.S. SMITH AWARD -	BRENT ROUTLEDGE
LADIES' GUILD TROPHY -	BILL JACKES
MARION McDOWELL TROPHY -	PETER GIBSON
R.J. RICHARDSON TROPHY -	GEOFF MORPHY
GEORGIAN TROPHY -	PETER ANTHONY
GEORGIAN SPIRIT TROPHY -	DAVID HILLIKER
W.P. GILBRIDE TROPHY -	IAN WILKS/ MARK HUNTER
R. BRADLEY MEMORIAL AWARD -	ROBERT SHIRER
M. LAWSON SCHOLARSHIP -	DEAN TURNERY
WYNN BUTTERWORTH MEDAL -	MARK HUNTER
CHAIRMAN'S MEDAL -	MARK HUNTER
HEADMASTER'S MEDAL -	CAMERON CLOKIE
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR'S MEDAL -	RICHARD STEWART
GOVERNOR GENERAL'S MEDAL -	PAUL JENNINGS

Those who found past Prize Days indigestable must surely have appreciated this year's ceremony. The glittering array of brie-a-brac once distributed in a single afternoon is now dispensed on four separate occasions. Of these, one has already been dealt with, two shall be relegated to the Garbage Heap of History, and the final one shall be spoken of here. To be precise, then, this article should be entitled, "Prize Day, Part Four".

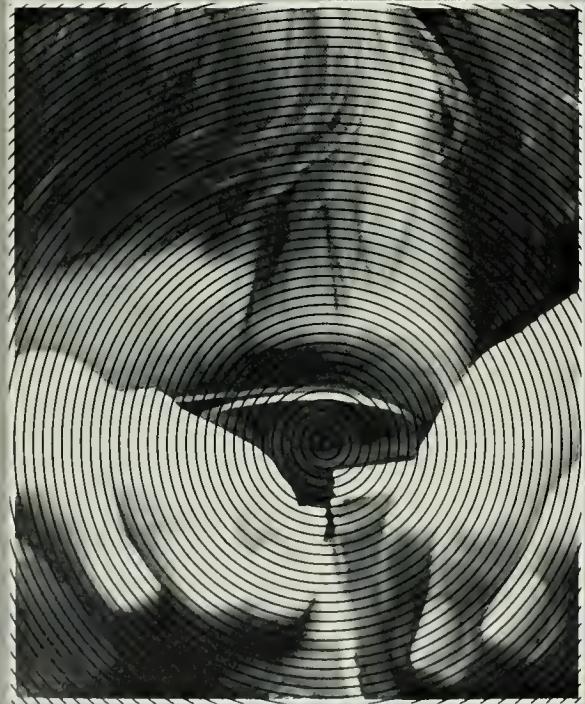
But it is not. For the words "Prize Day", whatever else they may denote, are inseparably connected with THAT day, the final day, the day when the thirty-odd members of the graduating class realize that they no longer need be polite to the members of the staff, the day when the school year ends and begins to look like everyone wished it never had. Such a day was June 14. And June 14 was not like such days in the past. There were spewings forth of sentiment, but not many. The Headmaster's speech was grandiose and rhetorical yet brief. The number of things given and handshakes received was diminished and the School Hymn was forgotten altogether. The whole affair moved along quickly and very smoothly, and then stopped, as the dignitaries on the platform and everyone else, not on the platform, filed off (ostensibly) to go to Evensong.

And those who did not appreciate even this Prize Day (those indeed who find ALL Prize Days indigestable) must surely not have lingered long enough to see the crowds disperse, the hall empty, the lights go off and the care-takers come to re-arrange the chairs.

ed.



ARTS





BEYOND THE FREEDOM PRINCIPLE

Investigating the murders at the Lehner's house would be a depressing job, Cecille thought. He had never liked the sight of their house, dark, ominous, and frightening in the truest sense of the word. The family as a whole was unusual. They were always secluded in their dwelling, very seldom seen until recently, when they had tried to sue their doctor for malpractice. The only person left after the poisoning was their fifteen-year-old daughter, Emmanuelle; there hadn't been enough poison in her borsch to kill her.

When he came through the door, that eerie feeling so familiar to him in his work, struck him - a feeling like the one he experienced at the end of Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho". When he saw the three bodies sprawled on the floor, he felt as if he would faint. Their positions reminded him of the charred bodies of the people caught in the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, near Pompeii. "The mortician will have a fun time with them", he joked, trying to get his mind off the seriousness of the matter. The father, the mother, and the son had been injected with curari, after being sedated with a drug put in their borsch. Cecille at once had a thought. No, it couldn't be true. Dr. Ascott couldn't do it; he's not the type. Still the thought stood in Cecille's mind. He wasn't able to learn anything else except that Emmanuelle was being released from the hospital that day. It just didn't seem right. Granted, Dr. Ascott was familiar with drugs, and he was being sued for malpractice. But the motive was not strong enough. He would sleep on it, Cecille thought.

Sleep didn't come easily to Cecille. He was too taken up by his new assignment. There was something missing, something that he hadn't found. "A good rest will do me good", Cecille said to himself. He was wrong. All during that night he was having nightmares, in which he would be watching Emmanuelle in a graveyard. Always it was pitch black except for a ray of moonlight piercing through the clouds. The ray hit her face. And below it revealed a white shine - a KNIFE. A knife plunging down into three open coffins. She danced with delight, yelling, "I'm free, I've escaped." Then she saw him. His heart seemed to have stopped. She charged at him, hurling the vermillion, red knife at his chest. He woke up. He decided that sleep wouldn't come to him.

The next morning he went to question Dr. Ascott, who, seeing the badge, almost fainted. "He knows something", Cecille said to himself. When they sat down in the study, Cecille decided it was time to start.

"Tell me", he said, "how does curari bring about death?" The bluntness of the question disturbed Dr. Ascott. "Well, curari paralyzes all the muscles in the human body except for the heart. As a result of this, the diaphragm and other muscles that help in breathing stop functioning, bringing about suffocation." "Then what was in their soup?", Cecille asked sharply, although he already knew the answer. "Whose soup?", Dr. Ascott said, trying unsuccessfully to sound innocent. "I don't have time to play games with you." Cecille was angry. He didn't like being lied to. "I know that you have something to do with the Lehner murders." Dr. Ascott was nervous. "I tell you", he said, "I had nothing to do with the murders. They were suing me for malpractice. So what?" Dr. Ascott stopped and realized how silly it sounded. "I think that's motive enough to murder", Cecille replied ironically. "Or maybe Emmanuelle will tell. Did she have anything to do with it?" "No, no, no", Dr. Ascott sobbed. He had never been a strong man. He saw no way out.

"Mr. Lehner was suing me for malpractice. So when his daughter came to my house and casually started to ask me questions about poisons, a thought crossed my mind, and I could see that she was thinking the same thing. Then she changed the subject to the many faults her parents had, and how badly they treated her. I felt genuine sympathy for her, but I also saw a chance for me to take advantage of her immaturity and murder her parents. We killed her brother because he was a witness to the crime. I gave her a small dose of curari so as not to create suspicion." Cecille smelt smoke. Suddenly he could see that the hall was blocked with fire. It was a big fire, and he could see that there was no escape since there were no windows in the room. Dr. Ascott was choking in the smoke. But both of them, already paralyzed with fear, could see Emmanuelle's face through the flames, laughing, laughing, laughing ...

"Ladybug, ladybug, Fly away home, Your house is on fire, Your children are at home", she sang, "Poor little ladybugs, burnt to a crisp. But they were wretched, little ladybugs, telling all their mommey's secrets." Then she remembered her mother. "Oh, she's gone away, never to come back, along with everyone else who was mean to me. Just like three blind mice. Those mice deserved what they got. They did."

"I am rid of them forever", she screamed, and then realized that she was wrong ...

George Hodjera, Grade Eight

THE YEARBOOK LITERARY CONTEST

This year, to demonstrate what literary talent lurks in the dark corners of St. George's - requiring only the lure of money to be drawn into the light - the Yearbook held a contest. Entrants were required to submit a short story of 2500 words or less, having a science fiction, fantasy, or horror theme. The contest was open to all St. George's students. The entries were judged on a basis of 1) originality 2) style 3) student's age. The interest in the contest was surprising.

First Prize: Paul Till, for THE INTRUDER

Second Prize: George Hodjera, for BEYOND THE FREEDOM PRINCIPLE

Dean Turney

THE INTRUDER

The past was running through Nick Lescoe's mind.

"You are a fool, Mr. Lescoe," Stevenson had said to his face.

"But I am also a millionaire," Lescoe had said, "and I don't care if you don't agree with my, er, morals. I could buy you, your lab, and all the work you have ever done. I could also pay your way into a new and better laboratory. Are you sure you still wish to refuse?"

"Your plan," Stevenson said, "is to cut yourself off from reality and live your life in the luxury of a dream. Is that correct? I thought so. Perhaps I am wrong, but I don't believe lives were meant to waste that way. I'm sorry, but I still refuse."

Lescoe spat at the gaunt serious and bespectacled face that challenged him.

"Then I shall take my plan to someone wiser." He left Stevenson with his black-coated bodyguards.

Lescoe had combed North America and Europe looking for someone to try his plan. The common man would have called it the ludicrous dream of a nut. Scientists like Stevenson, who probably could have performed his wish easily, said it was immoral, unethical, strange or foolish.

Lescoe's plan was a dream. He wanted to cut off all exterior sensations and experiences from his body, so that his only sensations would come from his imagination. A few drugs pumped into him would make his imagination seem lifelike, real in fact; it would be real as the only reality he would know. His body would be strapped to a comfortable chair while his mind frolicked. A staff would keep him nourished, would watch a red emergency light and be sufficiently paid to insure their continued service.

It was interesting speculation, living in one's imagination. Lescoe could create what he wished, do what he wished, be what he wished; anything would be possible. Lescoe could be conqueror, leader, master, god....No one would interrupt.

Now the staff had been hired, and Lescoe had found Lamont Wabucker, who was a starving scientist

claiming to be "just the thing you're looking for, Mr. Lescoe. I happen to be a pioneer in the field of neurophysiology you describe."

Lamont was surprisingly chubby for his financial standing and unusually slow for a scientist.

After a week, though, this Lamont came up with something. It consisted of wires, sensors, electrodes to fasten on the temples, a computer console with a red button that would flash in emergency, and a plug. It all fit in a large briefcase. Now Lamont had brought it to Lescoe.

"How do I know your contraption won't electrocute me?" Lescoe asked.

"Well, er, it can't. That is, I've tested it," Lamont stuttered.

"You've tested it?" Lescoe glowered. This machine complex was his; he had bought it, and he wanted no one else to enjoy or test his imagination machine.

"Well, does it work?"

"Yes," Lamont said. "Everything I, er, thought up was clear, very lifelike. I couldn't feel a thing from the outside. Worked like a dream." He laughed nervously.

The time came for Lescoe to enter his new toy, his "dream retainer" as Lamont had named it. How long would he stay in? He supposed he would stay until something went wrong, or something frightened his heart into skipping a beat and the red light flickered. Perhaps he would never leave the joy of his "dream retainer", as Stevenson had predicted, and "waste" his life. That was fine with him.

The staff was ready. Lescoe was ready. He looked around the little room he would be sitting in for an indefinite time, and sat down. Lamont fitted him with those sensors, clips and stuff that had tumbled from the briefcase. Then Lescoe went out like a light.

He awoke to a sea of blank void. He thought first of squirrels, for no reason at all. Four of them appeared. "So this is it," he thought. "I can now create anything." He thought of a sunny day in a grassy field, and suddenly he was in one. He thought of birds and they appeared, singing in the cloudless, blue sky. "I

want to fly," thought Lescoe. He soared into the air and flew. The machine was working. Lescoe was overjoyed.

At his command the birds scattered. What if the grass in his pastures were dark red? He changed them and they melted into a blood colour. Lescoe painted a sunset of golden and blue. Then he tried green, and settled with a menacing dark violet streaked with black.

"I need people," thought Lescoe. He created in his mind a peasant, humble and ragged and dirty. The peasant fetched Lescoe a crystal glass of champagne. He created a mob of these peasants. Lescoe rose to the top of a great jagged mountain, and below him in the red fields thousands of peasants were swaying to his song of power.

"Bow to me," Lescoe thundered, and the multitude bowed. "See, the world of my imagination! All this I have created. I created YOU and can destroy you just as quickly."

From the crowd Lescoe formed Stevenson. He made Stevenson float up from the other peasants until he was on level with Lescoe's mountain perch.

"See the fool!" boomed Lescoe. He thrust a mighty hand at Stevenson who cowered in mid-air. Stevenson screamed and fell. His skull smashed on the rocky ground below.

Lescoe lifted his head. He heaved up coal-black mountains to encircle his people. His peak was gold at the centre of a ring of silver and purple crests.

An eagle screamed through the sky at Lescoe, then fluttered down and lay prostrate at his feet.

Suddenly there was the sound of thumping, a noise Lescoe had not willed. Lescoe was silent and was afraid. The thumping came closer. It was someone stamping from beyond towards the mountain ring, someone huge.

A shadow fell over Lescoe's valley. The peasants fled, but Lescoe remained, though afraid. He willed this thing to go from him, but the intruder would not.

He could now make out a figure. It was blacker and taller and larger than any of Lescoe's mountains.

"Who are you?" Lescoe cried in the face of the great black hulk. "You are not here by my will."

"Is this what you have done with your world? the giant boomed. "You choose to create a world that worships you like a devil-god?"

"If I will those millions to bow down to me, they will. It is MY imagination!" Lescoe said.

"Is that what it has been wasted upon, power over enslaved masses?"

"Yes!" The giant grew bigger and his blackness grew more intense with Lescoe's words.

"Then you are a fool!" it said.

Lescoe was furious. He willed a thunderstorm which broke on the giant's head. Lightning struck the mammoth, but to no avail.

The colossus began to tear down the mountains with his hands. Lescoe fought him with more thunder, lightning and fire from the sky.

"Who are you?" he repeated, but his voice was all but lost in the turmoil.

A lightning flash lit up the giant's body for an instant. It flashed brightly and Lescoe could see clearly who the giant was. It was himself, his conscience, come to destroy his own works of evil.

The giant fell and for an instant the valley was quiet. The sombre clouds scudded out of sight. Lescoe, exultant in victory, gathered the peasants around his war-torn mountain to sing a song of praise. Then he tumbled from the mountain to his death.

Lamont yawned. The timer read 10 hours, 16 minutes and 16-17-18 seconds. He was alone with Lescoe who had not stirred for 10 hours, 16 minutes and so on, since his entry into the "dream retainer". Suddenly a red light flashed on, pulsated and blinked out. Lescoe was dead.

Paul Till, Grade Ten

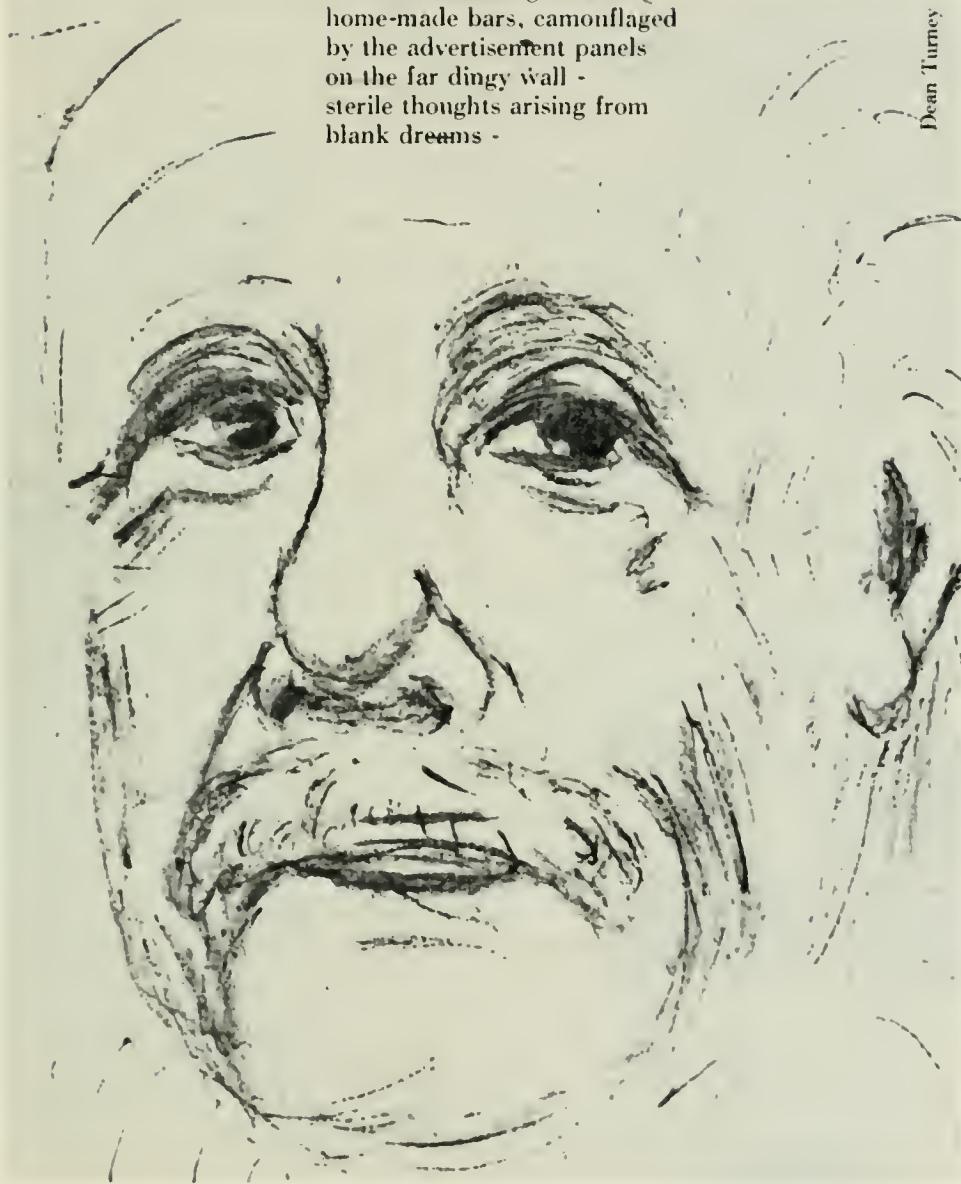


THE SUB WAY

A bleached face
is staring out
from a subway window -
a fragment of humanity
that is trapped in the world
it created.

It is doubtful
that the face recognizes its
home-made bars, camouflaged
by the advertisement panels
on the far dingy wall -
sterile thoughts arising from
blank dreams -

Dean Turney



the face no longer feels the
steel bands encroaching,
mesmerised by the clicking wheels
and side motion, anaesthetized by the
dead air, the journey becomes still movement.
And when the doors snap open the face will
carry its prison with it.

Michael LeFeuvre, Grade Thirteen

GRAVEYARD BY DAY

May the great star shine on through the leaves,
Casting playful shadows on the lawn,
Mingling like an irresponsible boy of few needs,
Laughing with the wind as a new day is born

Unto those who know not what lurks
Beneath the ground where the sun doesn't shine;
Where the skulls lie mutilated amongst the muck,
Scarred and bitten by a sniper on the brain

That now only echoes the screaming of engines
High soaring above, teasing the day and beckoning the night.
Thankful now that only ants gorge on their sins,
Grinning wide-eyed at the fools above without sight,

In silent mockery of their futile game
Of war and death and glory.

Joe Levey, Grade Thirteen



**Despair in vain sits brooding
over the putrid eggs of hope.**

John H. Frere

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

The street was dark and the air within it was thickened by fog.

He had wrenched his ankle several times running atop the cobblestones but his pace did not subdue, for his urge to escape from the Gendarmes was tremendous.

He ran past a sewer, and thought of escaping via it, but he dismissed the idea when he remembered the alligators which lived within. Suddenly he fell! He felt his head hit the ground, and felt a warm thick liquid close over his eyes. Time passed, and he awoke in several minutes. He sprang to his feet and began to run. Out of the fog he saw the figure of a man. Then two others! They were unquestionably Gendarmes. They savagely drew out their billy sticks and rushed towards him. He ducked the first man's reach and fled for the opening, but another figure stood in the way. He pivoted and ran but was cut down with a chop to the forehead; he swerved and stumbled to the ground.

When he awoke, he was staring into the face of a priest. He was smiling gaily. Suddenly his head throbbed. He blacked out.

Jim Allodi, Grade Seven

DOUBTS

I had my doubts as I started up the stairs to the 747. I had been afraid of flying since I was twenty, when my mother and father died in a plane crash. But that was ten years ago, I thought, as I went through the door of the plane. I had no choice; there was a deal in France in two days. I didn't have time to go by ship, and if I didn't get there, I would be out of a job. I had been assured that planes had changed so much in the last twenty years that there was a one-in-a-billion chance we would crash. Since I was so paranoid, they put me in first class for the economy price. When I was seated I found I was sitting beside an I.B.M. salesman who said he was in a plane 5 times a week and he never crashed.

The flight had been going well and I had begun to lose my fear little by little. Just as I started my lunch I heard a crack, and a second later the captain said "fasten your seat belts, we're going down." I screamed and then passed out.

John MacIntosh, Grade Seven

Far down the road of glories passed away
Lie all those things, so newly brought
to life
By somber souls to whom the I's now say:
"Withdraw creators from all mortal strife."

Do ye see the works those hands created?
The golden leaf, the silver vine, the sea
Of noblest love, of simplest peace, aged
Beginning to the joyful life of thee.

Yet now the people turn their books in scorn
Upon creations vibrant, still aglow,
Forgotten now, preferring time to mourn
Those men now dead of overdose of war.

The sullied souls of war-torn dead, alive -
Yet lost. By ignorance willed to survive.

Robin King, Grade Thirteen

SÜBWAYE LAND

I ent'red into sübwaye sleek
'Twas thirdje tyme within one week.
Twere many personnës crowded there
In ye stench'd and pütrid aër.
Ye odoür of tobaccan plant
Wafted past where I didst stand.
Pressëd close apon mine own
Were greeninge faces of ye folk that roame
Beneath ye earthe in dragons red
Or silver on ye sübwaye bed.
A damsel crieth, "Kind sIRR, and güt,
Thou damn well standeth on my foot."
"My pardon, maiden," I didst cry
And, movinge my foot, I didst comply.
And so ye train ent'red ye sta-ti-on
Met bye ye populace's jubila-ti-on.
"Good lords and ladies, friend and foe,
Let them get off afore ye go."
A resoundinge voice did spake in tones
That crackl'd in his micro-phone.
Grünten and groané followed now
Those at ye doors wouldest not allow
Ye mass of we within ye car
To pursue our journeys far.
They bottëld up ye train-car-door,
Thus, althóe we didst implore,
We could not squeeze or pushé thrü
Ye train moved off to sta-ti-on new.
A wailinge and torment arose!
A varlet stood apon my toes!
I crieth out with redd'n'd face
For aér was scarcé in that place.
I kicked out witt sharpje blow
Betwixt his hose; I felled ye foe.
He swoonéd in ye groinal pain
At wiche point there were lurch of train!
A suicided corpse had fell
Apon ye rayls and gone to hell.
Ye lichtinge on ye car went iit
And there wast screaming all abüt.
Ye fatt'n'd women they did faint,
Ye oldë men made foul complaint.
Ye sübwaye train stopp'd in its tracks
for ye driver wish'd for to relacks.
In sweating silence didst we stand

In some dank corner of sübwaye land.
I lay full minutes in crowded mesh
Pressëd apon ye creepinge flesh.
Ye only licht there was to see
Were burning tobaccan plant near me.
And so, it seeméd one full age
Afore serfs, in their revolted rage,
Didst clean ye tracks of human remains
And let us get movinge again.
When Bloorë's Av'nü we did reach
Ye n'er oil'd breaks gave sick'ning screech.
Ye doors didst open, and with fight
I ent'red Bloorë Stationë's.
Ye aér didst smelle wondrous pjure light
Compared to that within train-car door.
And thus I made mine weary waye
To ye lower level of ye sübwaye
Where soon one other train didst come,
From Warden's waye it hailéd from.
So many strugg'led for to get out
That drivers would not them all let out.
For soon a whistell shrille wast blown
And closed ye rubber doors were thrown.
But I ent'red safely ye Bloorë train
To endure sübwaye's torment once again.
"Twas quicker, tho, on this occa-si-on
For I got off at Bat-hurstje sta-ti-on.
I walked to sküle 'neath pidgeon's spray
And there arriv'd ye selfsame day!
(For often on ye T and TC
It takes much tyme for one journey.)
Alas, I there met, face to face,
Monseigneur Mainprize and his kerchief of lace
That dang'led from a pocket of his chest.
"Till, thou art late. Thou hast miss'd ye test."
"Kind sir, and güt," I straight way cried,
"There was a sübwaye suicide."
"There beith no excuse," he said,
"Thou must rise earlier from your bed
To allow for incidents such as these."
I begged him apon my knees
"Oh, sirrah - mercy! Mercy, please!"
Two detentions were his decrees,
Ye story endeth, if you please.

Paul Till, Grade Ten

BUTTERFAT GOOSEGIRLS, BREASTS FILLED WITH HONEY

Ah, lovely licking-lipstick lady, why do you tease with your lecherous smile?
Why do you strut your chieness: a sensuons slinky advertisement
for places you've never visited nor cared about?
Why do you lure poor suckers to your disco web where, deified,
you fire their groaning loins, where they can bask in your neon mists
and flashing lights, letting the volume fill that aching loneliness?
Why do you twist, titillating razor glances at love-struck losers?
Oh, heartless siren! I fear your soul is trapped in your makeup kit.

Dean Turney, Grade Thirteen

**Make not thy sport abuses; for the fly
That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.**

George Herbert

THE OUT

The pitch left my fingers like a spinning top. It whirred and hummed for the sixty feet to the plate. This small object was my life, it spoke of victory and home runs, of losing and no-hitters. All it had to do now was just once elude the bat of this one lone batter.

I approached the plate like a bull to a fighter. Then it broke, down, down, inside and tight, just where I wanted it. Suddenly, the batter moved. His thirty-eight inch piece of lumber moved with him closer and closer to the diving ball. The foes embraced briefly, as if best friends. The sphere was no longer my friend as it cruised towards the wall. It bounced once, then hit the wall. The throw from the field was aimed at the plate. The question was who would get home first. The ball ... the runner ... no, the ball ... no, the runner. My life, my career depended on five ounces of cork arriving first. In a blaze of silence and a flurry of stillness the action halted. The umpire, his eyes glued to the contact of ball and man yelled to break the silence, "You're safe!"

He was safe, but I was out.

Patriek Baillie, Grade Eleven

SAILING

Water foaming,
we quickly move through it, our boat
leaping
wave to wave
Driven by an unseeable force
carrying us
on and on
We casually enjoy
forces push and pull,
lift and dry,
as we crash down one wave into another
Spraying water jumps by us
The water churns
to accommodate our presence
while we drive through the currents of the wind.

John Millen, Grade Thirteen

a bright sunny pageant
men standing relaxed
peace

the windup

hit off the wall he's got
it in the cor
ner fires
it into third here's
the play he slides he's
safe

the windup

baseball

it's summer

Richard Lloyd,
Grade Thirteen

**Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.**

T.S. Eliot

THE COAST

The huge waves roared in protest as the shoreline knocked them down into a hissing white froth. Each wave came in, a proud mass of solid water; each time it was driven back by the jagged rocks, only to let another wave try its luck.

The seagulls teased the waves by swooping down and skimming the water with their bills. The scene was rather like a bullfight, the seagulls like picadors getting the wave madder for the climax, where the matador kills it.

Looking out to sea, the sun is half hiding behind the water. The little amount of light that comes from it casts long, dark shadows onto the picturesque landscape. As all good things must come to an end, so does the lifting of this day. The sun turns its back on the world.

Nick DePencier, Grade Seven

ONCE FILLED WITH LIFE

A cliff against a pure and golden sky
Spread with a skeen of firs below the ground;
Metal water glistens to land it surrounds
A crystal air sparkles and stirs the wide
Expanse where I stand perched with wings to fly.
The edge of glorious void calls without sound.
Then I had run, my weight soared up high
My gaze sweeps to land and water below
Towards the sun which glows beyond
While drunk on exultation and flight
I felt the eddies of ether air slow
Pulsating from glory light of the sun
And my own being for once filled with life.

Mark Beattie, Grade Thirteen

A WALK BY THE SEA

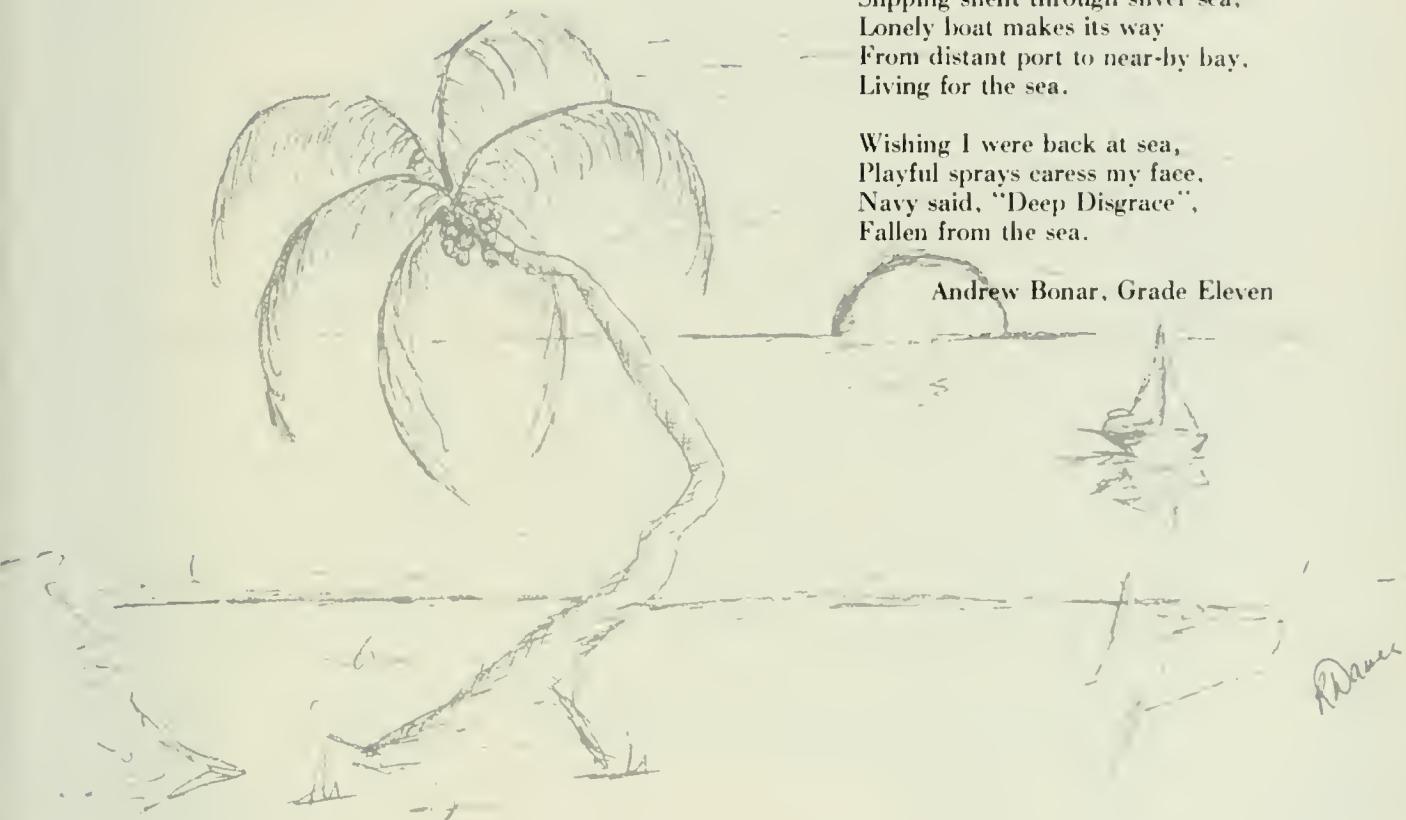
Taking a walk by the sea,
Nostrils filled with brine-smells,
Blood rushing as heart swells,
Longing for the sea.

Gulls circling over turquoise sea,
Soaring, gliding while I sleep,
Above the tranquil, endless deep,
Dreaming of the sea.

Slipping silent through silver sea,
Lonely boat makes its way
From distant port to near-by bay,
Living for the sea.

Wishing I were back at sea,
Playful sprays caress my face,
Navy said, "Deep Disgrace",
Fallen from the sea.

Andrew Bonar, Grade Eleven



....He takes no notice of me so I shower him with handfuls of sand, and running for the water, I pull off my vest. He follows, kicking off his tackies and likewise discarding his clothes; we collide into the water. It is cool and embraces my shins. A momentary shiver plays with my body and turns skin to gooseflesh and leads my shins into the dance of the tuning-fork. I throw myself to the waves and shiver flares up to shock, and shock settles into peace as skin relaxes and body relaxes into the cool rhythms of the water. The water holds me like an infinite chair, a billion swirls and contours fitting up against the planes and edges, curves and swells that are my body. It holds me like a soft mother, letting me drift and move about, but slowly, letting me hit her shallow, sandy borders, but softly.....

M. N., from "Friday Morning"



What is man, when you come
to think upon him, but a minutely
set, ingenious machine for turning,
with infinite artfulness, the red
wine of Shiraz into urine?

Isak Dinesen

STAY AWAY

I gazed upon the heavens
With its stars of radiant light
I gazed upon a single star,
And pondered at the sight.

I dreamed about a far-off land
With milk and honey blessed,
I dreamed about a land of old,
A place where I could rest.

I wished that I could travel there
With a starship of my own,
I wished that I could live my life
In that paradise, alone.

CHILDHOOD PERCEPTIONS

Here I sit,
In the shadow of a room,
Upon a stool of wooden base.
Squinted eyes
Distort the room's size,
And the walls bend into my face.

A tiny man in a picture box
Seems so far away.
A little black lamp
Leads a long, sharp light
Filling cracks with shadows
In a strange sort of way.

It was funny how, when
You squinted back then,
Your eyes sank back in your head.
The room was large,
And empty and far,
And nothing alive seemed dead.

Bring an object near,
And set it out front.
To put it right back,
Was merely a stunt.
But now when I try
The room won't go.

The things don't move,
There's nothing to show.
So now here I sit.
In a chez-lounge chair.
Remembering and wishing
That I was back there.

K. Lawes

To one It is a mighty,
Heavenly Goddess; to
Another, a cow that
Furnishes his butter.

Schiller

TIRED

the words are fuzzy

my arm is heavy but
i got to finish

this poem if i don't
I'll fail

I'll fail

asleep

R. Lloyd

Perspective is merely an instrument
of illusion, where lines can diminish
in size as they recede into space on
one single plane



BRUCE LAWES.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Can you imagine
The teacher's surprise
When right before
His very eyes
The boy at the
Back of the room
Exploded?

D. Gordon

**Women and men (both dong and ding)
summer autumn winter spring
reaped their sowing and went their came
sun moon stars rain**

e. e. cummings

A WINTER'S EVE

Wind howls like a madman through the boughs
Snowflakes are needles, driven into my flesh
By that relentless lunatic.

Got dark at five, so I can't see much
Just looming rough-skinned giants, whose fingers
Tear at my face as I stagger on

Through the cold night air, which
Like a silent, vengeful wraith
Seeps into my very bones.

I should have been back hours ago.
Funny, but now that I am here, it's
Not like it was in the story

Richard Lloyd, Grade Thirteen

AUTUMN

Rippling waters, cold and blue.
Tidal crests moving through.
A gust of wind, a gentle breeze,
Slowly swaying all the trees.
Leaves were falling,
And birds were calling.

A season coming, a season lost,
And soon to come, the advancing frost.

Jeff Archibald, Grade Eleven

WATER

Snow drift collapses
 silently
crumbles
 greys
 dies
Hardwinter ice
 softens
breaks
 topples
 sinks and floats, again
now water
 cold
 rushing over broken ice
 rocks, weeds
Spring stream running.

Jaime Gilbert, Grade Nine

With the sun out and the temperature rising
And the grass green and the air fresh,
The men seemed happy and free
As they came out of the prison for morning
exercises.

Bill Dafoe, Grade Twelve

THE FORT

For two summers the boys had worked on the fort in the bank. Finally it was finished. The two boys, John and Bob, decided to sleep in it. They had managed to keep it a secret from everyone.

That night they went to the fort and went to sleep.

During the night there was a terrible storm, and the river's water rose up to the doorstep of the fort. It went higher! Suddenly a huge log was swept into the doorway. It sealed it!

The storm continued for several more hours. The water level rose until the fort was an underground cavern.

The boys woke up. It was unusually damp in the fort. John walked to the doorway. It was sealed by tons of mud!

They started digging frantically at the doorway. They dug all day. They had dug about four feet when

water started trickling through the doorway into the fort.

Soon it was pouring an angry, frothy, brown current. The boys started to dig as fast as possible. Then they struck the huge log.

Now they were screaming and pounding at the walls which were starting to crumble.

Then the wall burst open. Tons of muddy water poured in, engulfing the boys in a sea of black slime which already was creeping into their nostrils.

They held their breaths as the mud rose over their heads. The boys could feel it stinging their eyes. Then they had to let their breaths go.

Black, slimy mud oozed down the boys' throats filling their lungs. They were never seen again.

Victor Freiberg, Grade Seven

THE MALEDICTION

The man who awaits certain death -
Thinks.
He thinks about the life he may have had
But won't.
He thinks about the one on whom he inflicted death,
But does he pity himself or the one who lost more?
Nothing can help him.
No chance,
No hope.
Soon he will be taken away, away -
Too far,
Into the much-feared unknown, from life as he knew it.
For his act, there is a curse,
And he will meet it -
Too soon.

Grade Eight

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

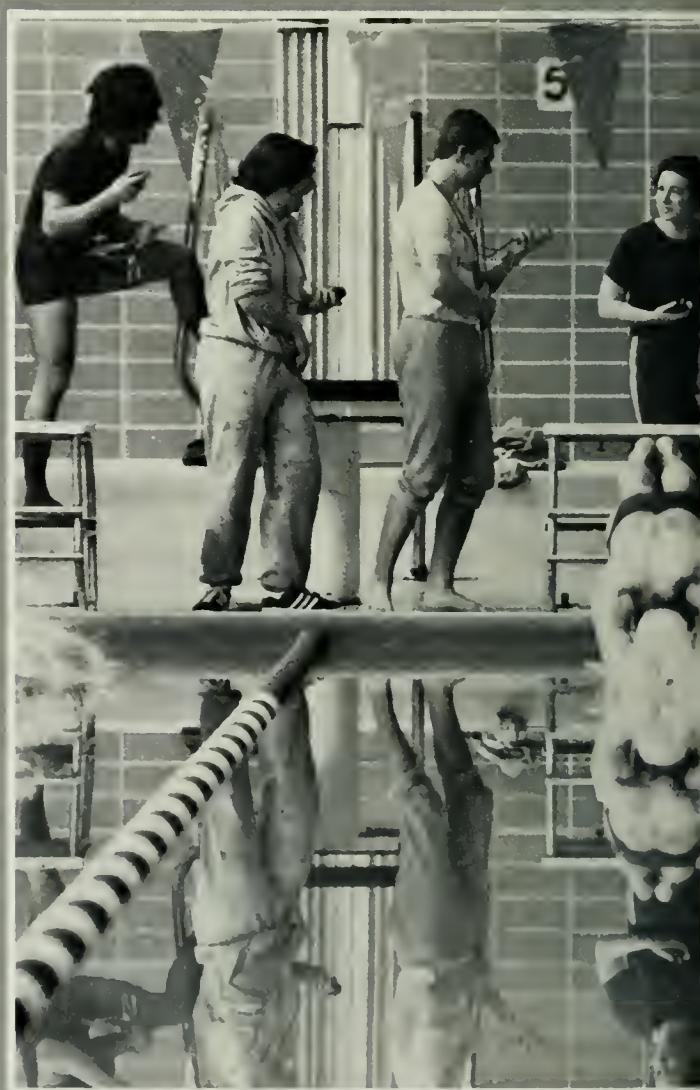
T.S. Eliot

RED HOT SPAGHETTI SAUCE

I was burning up and down the streets of San Francisco with the cops right on my tail. First I took a sharp left turn into a level parking lot and went up and up until I was at the nineteenth floor. I gassed it; I went over the edge. My Honda motorcycle flew from underneath me. I saw a roof coming towards me. On the top it said in dark red printing "Icibob's Spaghetti"! Suddenly I was through the roof and in a huge container full of red hot spicy spaghetti sauce! I tried to get out but couldn't. It kept sucking me down. I couldn't breathe. I was turning different colours! Finally I made it to the surface, but only for a second. It pulled me down again. I thought there was a monster in the container. Maybe it was the five-headed monster that terrorized Africa the year before. Suddenly everything was huge! I had been made a two millimeter person. I was cast under one of the monster's evil spells.

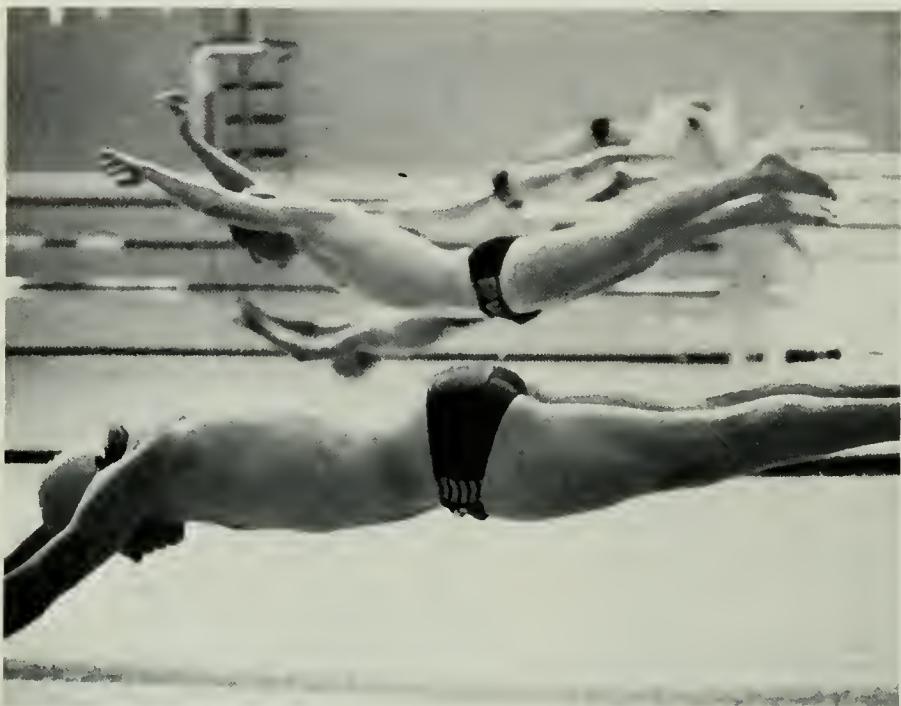
Roger White, Grade Five

SPORTS





HOUSE LEAGUE



SENIOR TRACK DAY

The 1979 Track and Field Day saw the best and worst of performances.

BEST PERFORMANCE OVERALL:

The House Captains, Rob Linghorne, George Flint, John Millen and Mike Richardson for their efforts in organization.

WORST PERFORMANCE OVERALL:

Mr. McMaster for his score-keeping.

BEST QUOTE:

Peter Gibson, "Sir, you can't cancel the track meet, Westminster won't score any academic points, but we're sure to win the meet."

WORST QUOTE:

Mr. Armitage, "Get out there boy and trip that guy."

BEST SUPPORTING ROLE:

David Davies in the piggy-back race.

WORST SUPPORTING ROLE:

Stephen Armes in the piggy-back

race (verified by Mark Clarke).

BEST IMPROVEMENT:

Grade Twelve-One's attendance.

WORST SHOWING:

The Golf team.

BEST INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES:

Dean Turney in the 1,000 meters.

Mr. Dunkley for replacing Mr. D'Arcy with Mr. Mainprize as starter.

WORST INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE:

Cam Crassweller in the 100 meter dash; he refused to start.

Mr. Dunkley



SENIOR SWIM GALA

There was a time when the words, "Swim Gala" meant nothing more than a leisurely half-holiday for about one-quarter of the Senior School, and for the other three-quarters, a sticky afternoon passed in the tropical atmosphere of the Benson Building, striving for the fame and glory of one's house. But this year, the staff so cleverly having moved the Gala into the morning time slot, and begun to take attendance seriously, just about everybody felt compelled to put in an appearance. And so, when the BIG DAY arrived, the once empty stands were filled from wall to wall with screaming fans, all passionately involved with "the spectacle that was unfolding before their very eyes". Row after row of swimmers pulled on their rubber skull-caps, mounted the blocks and at the signal of the starter, jumped or fell into the water and moved forward, swimming or wallowing.

When the excitement was over and all the half-drowned swimmers dragged from the water, we managed to get down to pool-level and press Mr. Baxter, the organizer of the occasion, for a few comments; "Westminster immediately got off to an excellent start by winning the first two events, the crescendo and innertube relays! In fact, Westminster maintained the lead throughout the entire meet and ended up winning the John Alloway Award for senior-school inter-house swimming competition.

After about two hours of spirited house competition, the final event placed Westminster in first place, York second, with Winchester and Canterbury tied for third place. Although there was considerable student participation this year, it is proposed that the Gala next year be run in such a manner as to facilitate total upper school participation as is the case in the Junior School. With house spirit as strong as it was this year, next year's swimming Gala promises to be better than any to date!

ed.

JUNIOR TRACK DAY

Suddenly, at 1:15 P.M., eight muscular tug-of-war participants, led by Tim and "Frog", strained on an eighteen-metre length of rope. The 1979 Junior School Track and Field Meet was underway.

Fogden and Smitty were on the starting blocks for event number two, but where was Mr. Birkett, the starter? Later, a protest was filed by Winchester House Master, Mr. Stevenson. He claimed, "Neil MacDonald went under that last hurdle." Immediately the parents hissed, Mr. Stevenson blushed, Mr. Smith giggled, Dr. Barlow frowned, and Mr. Dunkley made the result official. The feature race of the day was approaching.

How could Winchester, York and Canterbury hope to defeat two-time Junior School Athlete-of-the-Year, Ian Edward? Mr. Smith's strategy was to dispatch Chase, Culverwell and Johnson on a blocking assignment to allow Bird to assume the lead. Mr. Baxter of York had a more sportsmanlike approach: "Gentlemen", he said, "Be good Georgians and ... and ..." He was rudely interrupted by the starting whistle. Edward coasted home an easy winner.

In the final event, "Coach Omera pulled a fast one", claimed the irate Westminster House Master, Mr. Smith. "What are



you going to do about it?"

Well, Mr. Dunkley smiled, Mr. Omeara chuckled, Dr. Barlow relaxed, Mr. Birkett whistled, Mr. Rutherford arrived, the boys shook hands and the Track Meet was over.

Results: Cant. - West. - York - Win.

Mr. Dunkley

JUNIOR SWIM GALA

Even though nobody knew where or when it was to take place, until such time as it did take place, the Junior Swimming Gala DID take place, was well-attended, and as successful as anyone could wish. House spirit always seems a little more "undead" in the Junior School than in the Senior, and this year was no exception. Throughout the events, owing to the closeness of the competition and the mathematics of the scorekeepers, it was impossible to tell which house would win, and the unfortunate few who tried were kept guessing and second-guessing right up until the final relay. Enthusiasm never abated. Swimmers dived and bellyflopped into the pool and swam furiously, panting and kicking up gallons of spray. Shriek cheers arose from the corners, where the remaining members of each house were collected, and stood shivering and screaming.

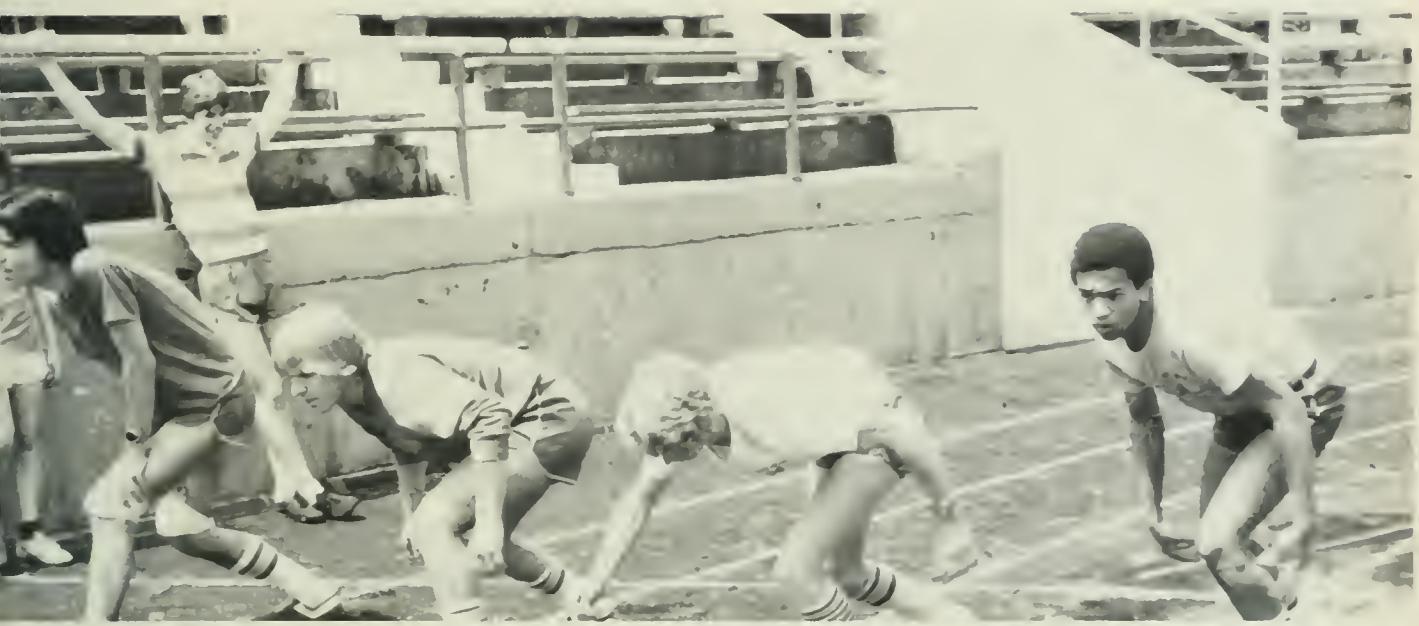
When the scores were finally tabulated, York emerged the not-so-decisive victor, defeating Canterbury by a mere two points. Third was Westminster and the fourth-place team was, inevitably, Winchester. Dana Crang, the House Captain for York, was presented with the heavily-named silverware, the Georgian Junior School Challenge Shield, by Mrs. Scarbek-Borowski.

Mr. Baxter, the creator, designer and organizer of the whole affair, was again solicited for his comments; "Perhaps the most exciting single event was the very first! This was the 100 yds. Freestyle Junior School Championship, open to any boy in the Junior School. Last year this important event was won by Alex Fogden, who was then in Grade Six. This year, after a close race, Alex came second, losing graciously to our new Junior School Swimming Champion for 1979, Ian Edward. Ian is to be congratulated not only on winning the event, but on setting a new Junior School record in the process (1.13.06)!"

ed.







HOUSE POINTS!

HOUSE STANDINGS:

WINCHESTER	3805
WESTMINSTER	3505
YORK	2840
CANTERBURY	2470

INDIVIDUAL STANDINGS:

MARK HUNTER/IAN WILKS
CAM CRASSWELLER
CAM CLOKIE
ERIC FERGUSSON
DEAN TURNERY
NICK SHILLETT



We have it from the chairman of the House Committee himself, Paul Lynch, that the accumulation of house points which gave Winchester victory in this year's competition was due not to the size of its member's muscles, but to the size of their brains. Dozens of nimble-minded Winchesterians are to be congratulated for so carefully nurturing their averages and giving their house three bountiful harvests of academic points. In contrast, the other houses drew most of their sustenance from the grimey bodies of their athletes - from team points, from athletic letters, trophies and other regalia. Certainly these houses were not out of the competition entirely; Winchester surpassed the second place finisher, Westminster, by a paltry 300 points, merely 7.8% of its total earnings. But this may be attributed to the fact that the Chairman, himself an athlete, constructed the competition in such a sway that the occasional unaccounted-for bonus point was slipped to those of his own species.

The most ravenous individual house point collectors this year were two members of the winning house, Mark Hunter and Ian Wilks whose immutable greed and competitive spirit enabled them to push their totals to a glorious 220, unseating last year's Chief Proponet of House Spirit, Cam Clokie. Clokie was also surpassed by Cam Crassweller, who, as a truly athletic Winchesterian, represented a not undesirable deviation from the norm. The names of Eric Fergusson, Dean Turnery and Nick Shilletto complete the list of the Magnificent Seven, who strove bloodily to lance the school of its dreaded infections, apathy and ennui (left).

ed.

SOCER



BACK ROW: Geoff
Bernardo, Bruce Lawes,
Jamie Brenzel, Mark
Hunter, Keith Lawes,
Peter Gibson, Mr. Tansey.
FRONT ROW: Brian
Tobin, Cam Clokie, Ian
DeHass, Andrew
Podniecks, Cam
Crassweller, David Hill.
ABSENT: Paul Lynch.



FIRST TEAM

This season was very much one of "the undauntable chasing the uncatchable", as most of the other schools gave us soccer lessons. It is to the credit of the team that it remained together as a unit and worked together to stem and to dream of turning the tide.

Our best games were against Crescent and St. Andrew's, where the defence played superlative soccer to lapse only momentarily (whereupon the damage was done). Congratulations to the defence for never giving up. I hope that you enjoyed your small successes as much as I did.

The forwards performed beautifully against Pickering and Appleby and showed that they were capable of good soccer given a little time and space.

It was, however, the spirit of the team which I enjoyed most, on our "away" trips and at our practices (though I would have wished for a better attendance record from some of our stars). It is this spirit that has always helped St. George's teams survive the season in good heart. Indeed, some would say that it is all we have; and what for it!

Mr. Tansey

UNDER SIXTEEN

With every single member of last year's Under Sixteen team having graduated to the First Team, left the school, or sought "temporary retirement", this year's team was composed entirely of "rookies". This was, then, primarily a rebuilding year for the team, but nevertheless, its statistical record was nothing to blush about. We won three out of the eight games that we played, and of the five that we lost, a few were very close and could have been won with a "little luck".

In any case, the whole team on occasion exhibited an astonishing level of physical stamina and determination, trying to out-run the opposition, even if it couldn't always out-score them. One of our most effective offensive threats was the "Birozes dash", a quick downfield sprint by Anthony Birozes to intercept the ball or collect a pass in front of the enemy net.

This, combined with our various other strong points (for example, Steve Crerar's kicking leg) gave this highly spirited team a season "not soon to be forgotten".

Mr. Walker



BACK ROW: Peter Anthony, John Gilbert, Hugh Phillips, Jeff McCormick, Stanley Janacek, Rob Allison, Chris Crassweller.

FRONT ROW: Mr. Walker, John Edwards, Tom Fogden, Steven Crerar, Anthony Birozes, Doug Smith, Paul Beattie, Bruce Alexandor.





BACK ROW: Dave Nichols, James Brebner, Andrew Merrick, Tony Wilson, Jamie MacPherson, Nigel White, Alexi Marcilio.
FRONT ROW: Dave Dembroski, Harty McKeown, Rio MacGiffin, Rob Anthony, Mike Valentine, Roger Cattell, Andrew Crerar, Graeme Egan.

UNDER FOURTEEN

This year we have what is called "a good, solid season", hovering about the 500 mark with a record of three wins, four losses and three ties. The most evident feature of the team's play was the constant activity of the players; they were never "out-hustled" and they never gave up chasing the ball, even when, all too often, they found themselves chasing it back into their own end.

Some of the best displays of skill came from the team's two leading scorers, Roger Cattell and Rio MacGiffin, whose "well-taken chances" often gave rise to victory (or protection to respectability). Also of note was the goaltending of

Tony Wilson, which was constantly excellent, and married, if ever, only by such unnatural phenomena as when the large-bodied players of Ridley used high winds to send a shot from mid-field, in a great arc over the goaltender, into the net. The M.V.P. of the team was, of course, its captain, Rob Anthony.

When asked what the team's most effective strategy was, some say, a quick pass over to Valentine on the wing; others say it was missing the bus for "away" games. Whatever it was, it is significant that the Under Fourteen Team only discovered how well it really could play when it encountered its most difficult opposition.

Mr. Smith

UNDER THIRTEEN

The Under Thirteen team was put together for a three-day tournament at Hillfield in October. In spite of the loss of Ian Edward, one of the team's outstanding forwards, St. George's emerged with a record of two wins and three losses, and the well-deserved reputation of a fair and unrelenting side. The team was, moreover, a highly spirited one, as was demonstrated both on the field, by the headlong dives of Andrew Crerar, and off the field, by a few rowdy bus-scenes.

Mr. Smith



BACK ROW: Jonathan Burnside, Brian Chase, Carl Shulz, Alister Mitchell, David Dembroski, Chris Weymouth, Peter Bird.
FRONT ROW: Ted Brezina, Blake Macaskill, Peter Cameron, Paul Shirer, Andrew Crerar, Mike Valentine, George Panos.





HOCKEY



BACK ROW: Jock MacLachlan, Roh Secor, Rob Shuttle, Bill Dafoe, Paul Lynch, Mr. McMaster, Mike Richardson, Keith Lawes, Doug Chaddock, Bryan Cambell, Mark Worrall, Dave Hilliker.
FRONT ROW: Nick Shilletto, Peter Levitt, Mark Hunter, John Millen, Cam Crassweller, Peter Gibson, George Flint, James Carl.

FIRST TEAM

This season we proved conclusively to the athletic "super-powers" of the I.S.S.A.A. that we do, and always will, belong in the First Division of the hockey league. And we were not merely "competitive" (an aphorism used indiscriminately by generations of sympathetic hockey coaches); we actually began to sniff at the intoxicating fumes of Victory, albeit timidly. We tied a couple of teams far more highly ranked than ourselves and, for the most part, won our share of games. A fifth place finish was proof of our abilities and expectations, for we found ourselves DISAPPOINTED with it, after having hung on to fourth place for the greater part of the season.

To put it in yearbook-hockey-write-up vernacular, "the team's success was due to a group of rookies and a core of veterans coming together and working very hard to make an effective unit". This year, however, it was true; we did perform in a way that surprised just about everyone and we did it because we worked together as a team and because we worked hard. Much of the credit for this must, of course go to our coach Mr. McMaster, who was lured out of retirement this year, brimming



with revolutionary ideas about circuit training and cybernetics ("mental training for the competitive athlete") and who came closer than ever before to achieving that elusive blend of old and new, the very essence of a good team. In this respect we must also thank team captain John Millen and the alternates, Cam Crassweller and Mark Hunter, whose leadership was undeniably effective.

After a season when everyone played a major role it might seem foolish to single out players (but who ever said hockey players were intelligent?) However, there are some whose play during the season merits special attention. Mark "he only plays one way" Hunter and

rookies Dave "Demon" Hilliker and Billy Dafoe made great contributions and functioned as the leaders of our forward corps. John Millen and Keith Lawes led a very young defence who, by the end of the season had matured into steady and confident players. Jimmy Carl and myself were porous only very occasionally, usually finding ourselves the battered recipients of enemy pucks.

Thanks to all who came out and cheered us wildly and, in particular, to our second-most accomplished Fan, Dave Rieve.

Nick Shilletto

BACK ROW: Mr. Love, Jamie Zakuta, Anthony Birozes, Ian Dellass, Andrew Grieve, Steve Dembroski, Kevin Smith, Cam Clokie, Bill Clarke.
 FRONT ROW: Doug Smith, Peter Anthony, Dave Hill, Hugh Phillips, Cary Murphy, Jim Ovendon.
 ABSENT: Ian Fowler, Jeff Archibald, Doug Smith, Wayne Stokes.



UNDER SIXTEEN

The Under 16 team was led, once again, by the excellent goaltending provided by Hugh Phillips. A superb backup job was done by Jeff Archibald, who rallied to the cause, dazzling Mr. Clayton's U15's with his lightning quick reflexes.

Defensively the team was sound. Who would dare penetrate walls composed of players such as David "not another penalty" Hill, Cam Clokie, Andrew Grieve, Cary "Lump 'em" Murphy, or Ian "The Animal" Fowler? It was quite amusing to see opposing players cross the blueline, shoot the puck,

and then scurry for refuge in their own end!

It was our offense that other teams feared the most. In one stretch of seven games they scored an impressive forty-two goals! One can only imagine the problems other teams had in getting their goalies on the ice. The scoring prowess of the Anthony Birozes, Jamie Zakuta, Doug Smith line, and the hard checking of the "Ballet" Bill Clarke, Kevin Smith, Wayne Stokes, and Peter Anthony line gave tremendous support. Finally comes the line with all the character. It was led by centre Jim Ovendon, who won the I.S.S.A.A. skating championship while playing with us. He received six straight

5.9 scores - however, only a 5.8 from the Trinity College judge. Other members of this line included Steven Dembroski, who never ceased to amaze, and Ian DeHass, who found it quite difficult to get that third goal for a hat-trick.

In conclusion, I would just like to say that if there is one main reason which made this team so enjoyable to be part of, it was our coach, Mr. Love. For that we thank him most generously. Special thanks must also be extended to Kevin Bradshaw for his help in raising our team to new highs!

Cam Clokie

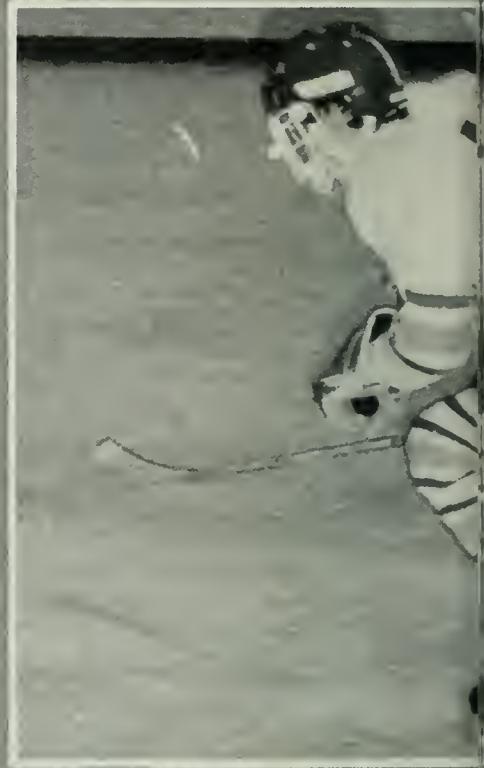


BACK ROW: Fraser Clokie, Michael Borsch, Mr. Clayton.
 MIDDLE ROW: Darryl Kereluik, Brent Routledge, Paul Darrigo, Alan Howard, Tom Beleh.
 FRONT ROW: Harty McKeown, John Gare, Bill Jackes, Tim Jewell, Ted Brezina, Jonathan Burnside.

UNDER FIFTEEN

The season was a big one. Under the superlative coaching of Mr. Clayton, we achieved a 7-4-1 record. Our success hinged on the scoring ability of Fraser Clokie, the strong defensive work of John Gare, Allan Howard, Rob Allison and Darryl Kereluik, and the solid goaltending by Scott Burk (who drinks Brice during intermission) and Paul Darrigo. We beat every team at least once, except for S.A.C., whom we lost to by S-L-I-G-H-T margins. In the first game against S.A.C. Mr. Clayton was forced to referee, and we lost in spite of his "B___ dash". Nevertheless, wins over U.C.C. and Appleby made us a team to be reckoned with and gave us a season to remember.

Bill Jackes





Skiing



In the 1979 Ski Season the Ski Team participated in 3 ISAA Ski meets. On the whole we had a good season. Our first encounter with the slopes was a very wet one. Trinity College School hosted the meet quite successfully. Next was a cross-country race held at Rousseau Lake School. Despite the cold weather it was quite fun.

This year, we again hosted the ISAA Alpine Championships at Georgian Peaks. Due to the efficiency of Mr. Kerr and Mr. Walker, Peter Keresteci, Skip McGrath, and Jay Murray, the race was a success.

Thanks to Mr. Kerr and Mr. Walker for their coaching and organizing and to the skiers who came out to the meets. Good luck in the future.

A. Trusler



FIRST TEAM

Basketball is an athletic indulgence played by tall, ugly spastics who have neither the physical, or the intellectual capacity to participate in the ultimate sport, hockey. It is refreshing to reveal that this year's team was a most worthy exception. If there is one thing that could very profoundly be stated about this collection of gentlemen, it is that they were, above all else, outrageously handsome.

But it requires more than good looks to discover the meaning of success; it takes perseverance, sacrifice, good clean living and volume. We were a loud and vocal contingent who, under the far-reaching influence of Dave Davies, shouted our way to an unsurpassed record of wins and losses, which put us fourth out of eight in the I.S.S.A.A. first Division standings.

Though we were meek and shy off the court, the vocal enthusiasm from the bench transformed us into a mould not unlike that of the inspirational image often exhibited by our enlightened coach, Mr. Dunkley: a cruel and intimidating collection of savages who would bite and scratch for the opportunity to sacrifice pride and bodies for the sake of a loose ball.



BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: Paul LePiane, Paul Mazze, Rob Linghorne, Dave Davies, Pat Baillie.
FRONT ROW: Jamie Brenzel, James Osborne, Eric Fergusson, Arthur Kennedy, Mr. Dunkley.

The feat of handing Ridley their only loss of the season was overshadowed by the year's highlight which occurred when Arthur Kennedy propelled himself through the ceiling of the upper school gym after scoring a single but glorious point from the foul line.

Unphased by those ugly monsters beneath the rim, the forwards (Rob Linghorne, Paul Mazze, Ron Cowan, Paul Le Piane and Dave Davies) battled for even the most unreachable rebounds. As rugged as they were, the forwards needed only to look to the back court to see the team's real talent. Arthur Kennedy, Jamie Osborne, Jamie Brenzel and Eric Fergusson dazzled opponents and spectators alike with their smooth moves, their flashy flakes, and their daring dribbling.

A mist of uncertainty clouds the present expectations of next year's team. But there can be no doubt that when the haze has risen a new force will storm forth to conquer the strong, humiliate the weak, and, once again, string the U.C.C. lads up by their basketballs.

Eric Fergusson



UNDER SIXTEEN

After some thought concerning the Under Sixteen team, I have come to a definite conclusion: "The Harlem Globetrotters we ain't".

We started off the season with a game at Crescent, which we lost (36-16). Next, we played S.A.C. As luck (or maybe a little bit of skill) would have it we won this one by about ten points. Following this, however, we had a bit of a losing streak, being defeated ("overwhelmed" might be a better word) by the U.C.C. Under Seventeens, Hillfield, Crescent, T.C.S., and Appleby. The next game was a "home" game against the U.C.C. Under Sixteens. This we won in the last second of play with a shot by Stanley Janacek to break a tie game. We lost our last four games, playing T.C.S., Hillfield, Ridley, and S.A.C.

Who said that having Alisdair Campbell as a team manager was a bad idea? (The whole team did!) Many thanks to A. Campbell for his help and support.

Now for the good part - the players. The player with the most team spirit was Carlo (Doc) LePiane who, remembering his football team, cheered non-stop throughout the season. (Don's team didn't win any of the games they played - but they had good team spirit too.) The highest rate of physical activity achieved by any player during a game was by Andrew (Abule) Abouchar, whose feet left the ground THREE times. (This is Abule's personal record.) Best game attendance was by Paul (Suitcase) Keen. Other members of the team were: Captain Jeff Mock, Stan (Dopey) Janacek, Steve (Smiley) McMath, Dave (Too-tall) Burrows, Tom (Sneezy) Fogden, Bruce (Grumpy) Alexandor, Paul (Bashful) Beattie, and, of course, myself.

Rather than say that without Coach D'Arcy we would have had a bad season, I think I shall say that without him we would have done worse. Thanks a lot, from the whole team, to Mr. D'Arcy.

Ian Crassweller



BACK ROW: Paul Keen, Steve McMath, David Burrows, Tom Fogden, Paul Beattie.
FRONT ROW: Bruce Alexandor, Carlo LePiane, Andrew Abouchar, Stanley Janacek, Jeff Mock, Ian Crassweller, Mr. D'Arcy.



UNDER FOURTEEN

The St. George's College Yearbook can at last boast of a team that EVEN STATISTICALLY was successful. Compiling a record of nine wins, no losses and no ties, the Under Fourteens continually swamped their opposition, with an average of 52.8 points per game. In the final game of the season, they met the only other as yet undefeated team, Ridley; the result was a 63-20 victory.

Of course (almost in spite of such brilliant individual records Charles Magyar's 32 points in a single game, and Tony Wilson's 20 points per game average) the team did have the odd problem, tripping over the ball, or throwing it back over the ten-second-line and shooting at their own basket. Nevertheless, the team was as solid and consistant as its record. Composed of a handful of basket-hungry forwards and disciplined guards, it conducted its play with methodical ferocity. Wilson, Lomax, Lewis and Maygar controlled the ball around the key, while Merrick, Stuart, Istvan and Walker brought it up and initiated the attack.

The team's success must also be attributed to Mr. Smith, its coach, whose vocal presence at the sidelines ("grab the bloody ball, you hamburgers") must surely have been inspirational.

ed.



BACK ROW: Charles Magyar, Tony Wilson, James Brebner, Scott Lewis.
FRONT ROW: Andrew Walker, Stewart Istvan, Andrew Merrick, Jeff Stuart.



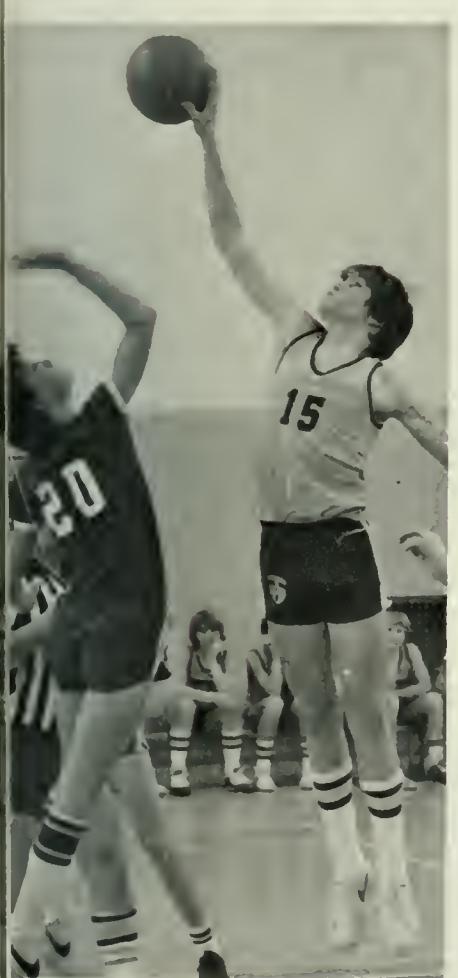
BACK ROW: Mr. Smith, Brian Lomax, Chris Gilbert, Paul Clark, Paul Johnson.
FRONT ROW: Peter Allison, Peter Bird, David Dembroski, Nicholas Gough, Jeremy Wedgewood.

UNDER THIRTEEN

Unfortunately we could not get the WHOLE team into the picture; what is seen here is merely one of its editions. Though ever-changing, it was nevertheless a TEAM in its own right, playing in four games during the season, and winning half of them. Three of the most outstanding players were Gough, Johnson, and Dembroski, who respectively excelled in outside shooting, play-making, and just about everything. But we have it from Mr. Smith that the whole team was, in fact, outstanding, sustaining furious on-court activity through all their games, and conducting their own practices, without the supervisory presence of a coach.

ed.





I.S.A.A. VOLLEYBALL TEAM



FRONT ROW: Richard Taylor, Rob Secor, Cam Crassweller, Dave Davies, David Hill.
BACK ROW: Bruce Lawes, Keith Lawes, Davis Kanbergs, Paul Lynch.
ABSENT: Coach Fulford.

This year's volleyball team that went to the I.S.A.A. tournament was only together for some four days. They had but one game prior to the tourney and with this they were forced to face such powers as U.C.C. and Crescent. Our first sign of fate in the tourney was given when we met U.C.C. in the opening game. Although we fought valiantly, we were tactically outplayed and consequently lost. At this point they all thought that our gutsy school was a pushover. Not so! Our one point scored against U.C.C. was only the beginning. We won the next two rounds, qualifying us for the consolation final against T.C.S. 'Lost a squeaker', as they say, despite the dazzling strategy of the coach, the stunning spikes by Kanbergs, and scintillating set-ups by Taylor.

Paul Lynch

BACK ROW: Geoff Morphy, David Joy, Keith Fletcher, Peter Hughes, Doug Jones, Mr. Baxter, Mike LeGresley, Joel Bousfield, Mark Heisy.
MIDDLE ROW: Patrick Hawkins, Scott Daley, Fraser Morrison, Andrew Trusler.
FRONT ROW: Geoff Guy, Skip McGrath, Steve Crerar, Andrew Crerar, Andrew Pace.
ABSENT: Joe Levey.

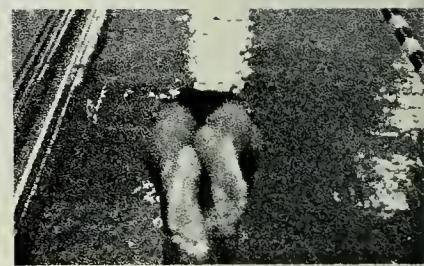


SWIM TEAM

The 78-79 Swimming season was by far the best yet. This year for the first time, we had to turn swimmers away. This is not surprising, considering our move from St. Alban's (the Cesspool), to Bickford Park, with its 25 yard pool. To add more incentive to team members to attend practice, we were fortunate to have the coaching expertise of Kevin Hebner and Richard Torrence, two of U. of T.'s best. I should not forget Mr. Baxter, who inspired our team to such cheers as "Come Mr. Tallyman, tally me banana, daylight come and we wanna go home", and "What's the name of the game? - African Safari!", or "East African." To such cheers as this we heard such replies as "Watch it, or I'll stab you with my spear."

At the I.S.S.A.A. we scored almost twice as many points as in any previous year, placing us fifth, only a few points behind U.C.C. Had we not been so hampered by injuries this year, we might have done better; among the more prominent citizens of the injury list were such students as: Chris Whitney (on all fours), Joe Levey (wink and women), and Geoff Morphy (Gilligan's Island); I should not of course forget Morrison, whose grandmother died four times in the course of the season. The award for coming from behind to beat the odds this year goes to Keith Fletcher (Vice-Captain) by beating Morrison by several seconds at the I.S.S.A.A. meet.

I have faith that next year, with all the advantages gained from this year, that St. George's will beat U.C.C. and stand fourth in the I.S.S.A.A.





If you were wondering who those bountifully muscled youths are, who stand to either side of the Swim Team in (what must serve as) their team picture, you will be delighted to learn that they have at last been identified. Their names are (in alphabetical order) Kevin Hebner and Richard Torrance; both swim on the U. of T. team. They have been serving in the enviable capacity of co-assistant-coaches, helping Mr. Baxter to mold the twenty-six most amphibious Georgians into a cohesive and (indeed) virile unit. That they were at least partially successful is evidenced by the smile that ever plays upon Mr. Baxter's lips as he recalls the results of the last relay of the last meet.

ed.

TRACK AND FIELD

Again this year, the stairways of Founder's Hall shook with the pounding and thumping of rubber-clad feet, as the members of the Track team dragged their bodies through another set of Mr. Fraser's practices. Recognizing that, with the graduation of the greater part of last year's team, the outlook for this year's was pretty desolate, Mr. Fraser not only resumed his own activities with all customary vigour, but even went so far as to unleash the Fury of enthusiasm, Mr. Baxter, against the hapless team. The results were inevitable; some of the practices became very long, some of the rubber-clad feet became very sore, and some of the runners became very good.

So, although this was designated a "rebuilding year", the team came up with some pretty respectable performances at the meets which it attended. In particular, Dean Turney ran several excellent races, in the process setting an I.S.S.A.A. record for the 3,000 m. In addition, the Junior relay team that entered the 4 km. event at the St. Andrew's Road Race came first (of two), upsetting the previously undefeated team from Branksome Hall. Indeed, it was at first thought that a new record for the event had been set when the course was completed in under three minutes - before, alas, it was discovered that the runners had cut through the bushes (or something).

Another, this time concluding, reference must be given to Dean Turney who, performing so superbly in all his own events, won the R.K. Fraser award. Of course, in all modesty, Dean refuses to take any credit for his successes, attributing them rather to the inspiring and stimulating effects of Mr. Proctor's flashing, red armband.

ed.





TEAM MEMBERS

BRUCE ALEXANDOR
PETER ANTHONY
ROB ANTHONY
GEOFF BERNARDO
ANTHONY BIROZES
MIKE BORSCH
CAM CRASSWELLER
CAM CLOKIE
FRASER CLOKIE
SCOTT DALEY
IAN DeHASS
TONY GRAY
JOHN EDWARDS
ERIC FERGUSSON

PETER GIBSON
BILL JACKES
TIM JEWELL
JIM LaFORET
JIM LATIMER
BRUCE LAWES
KEITH LAWES
PAUL LYNCH
DAVID PITMAN
ROB SECOR
DOUG SMITH
KEVIN SMITH
BRIAN TOBIN
DEAN TURNERY

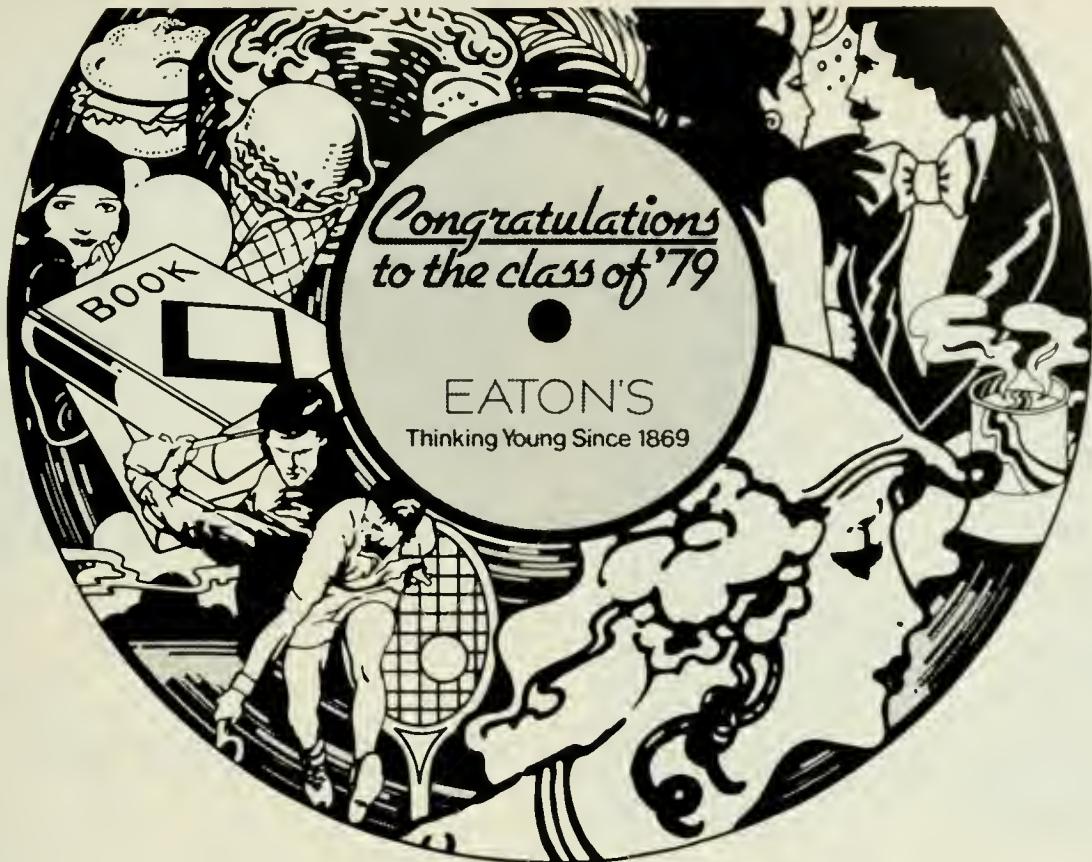


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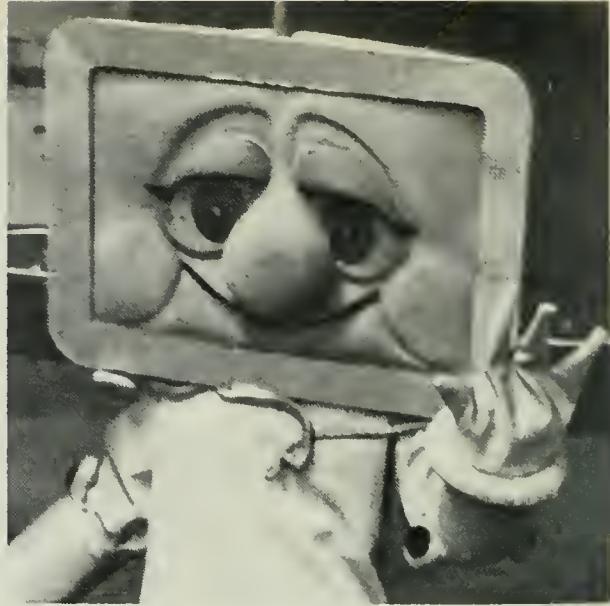


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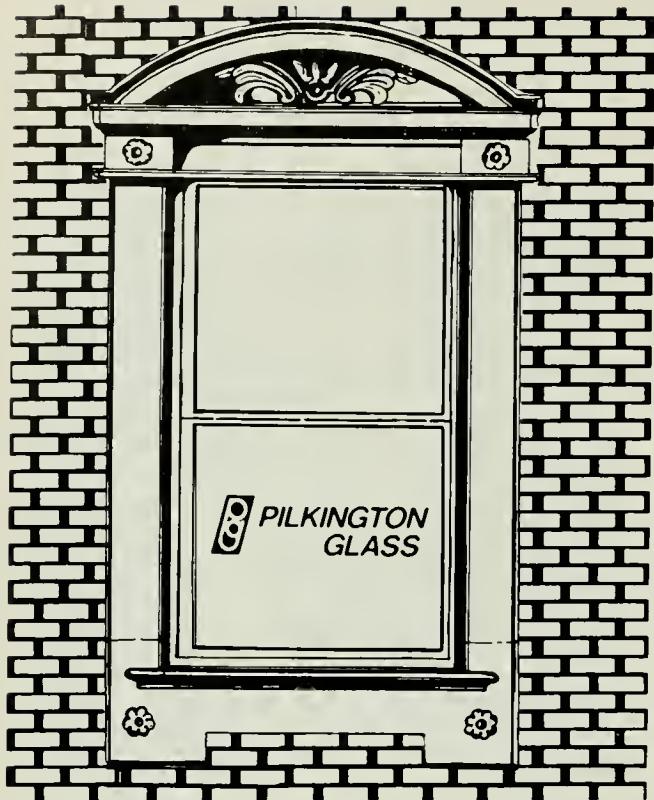


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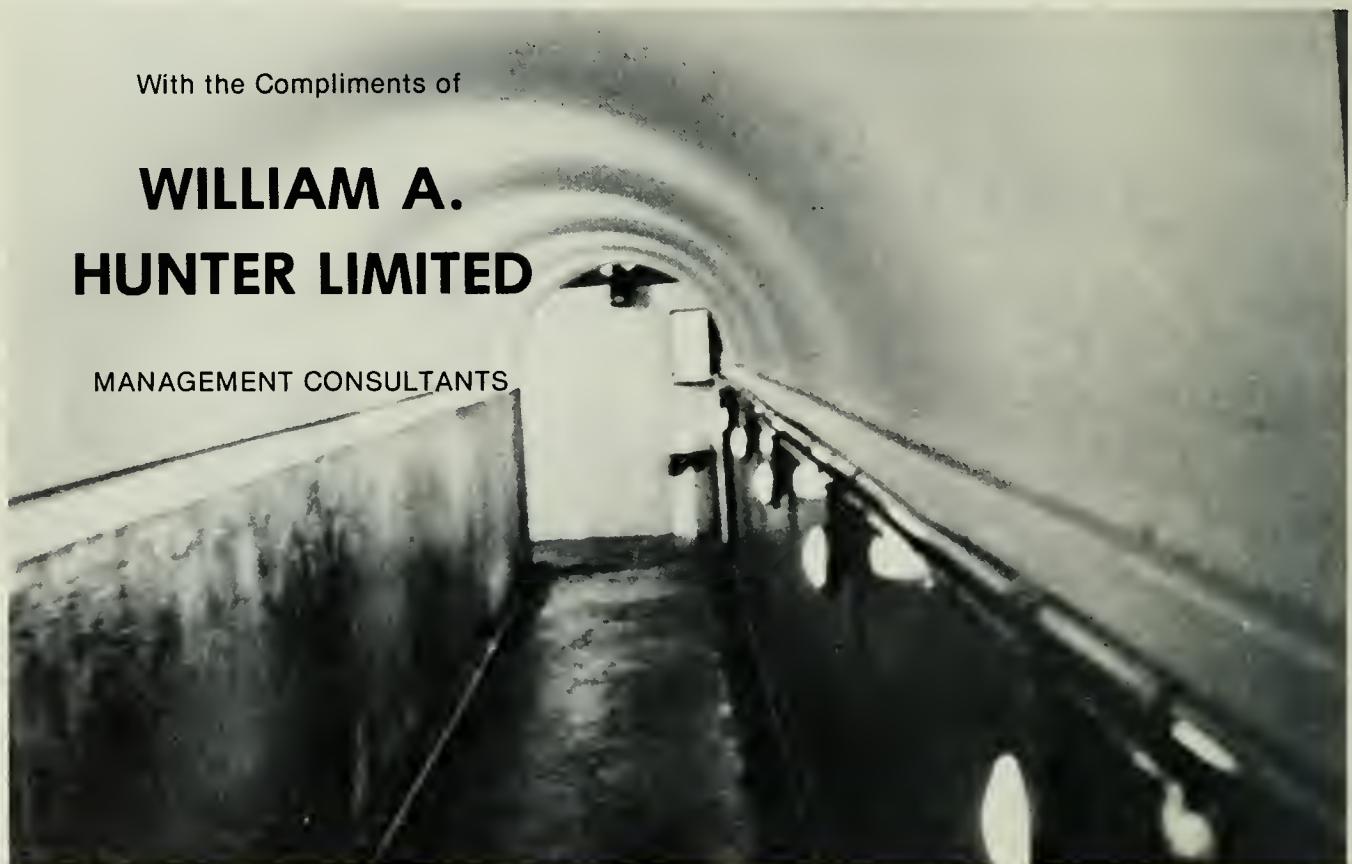


THE BOYS

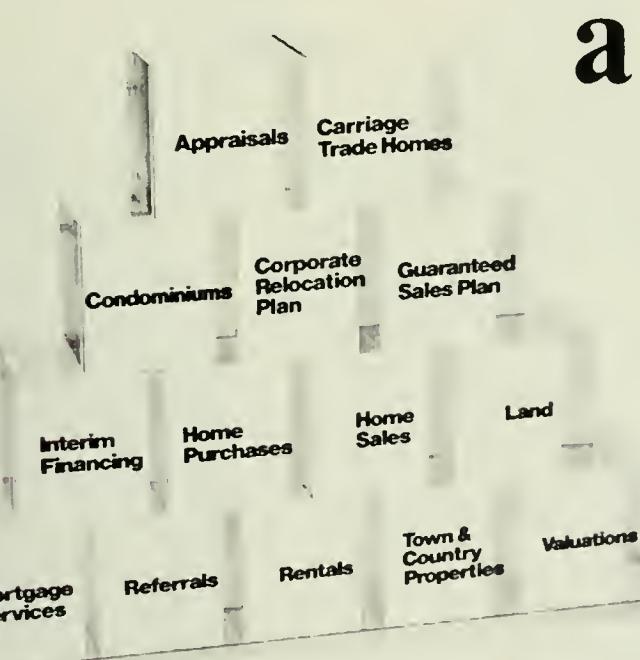
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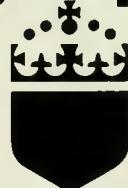
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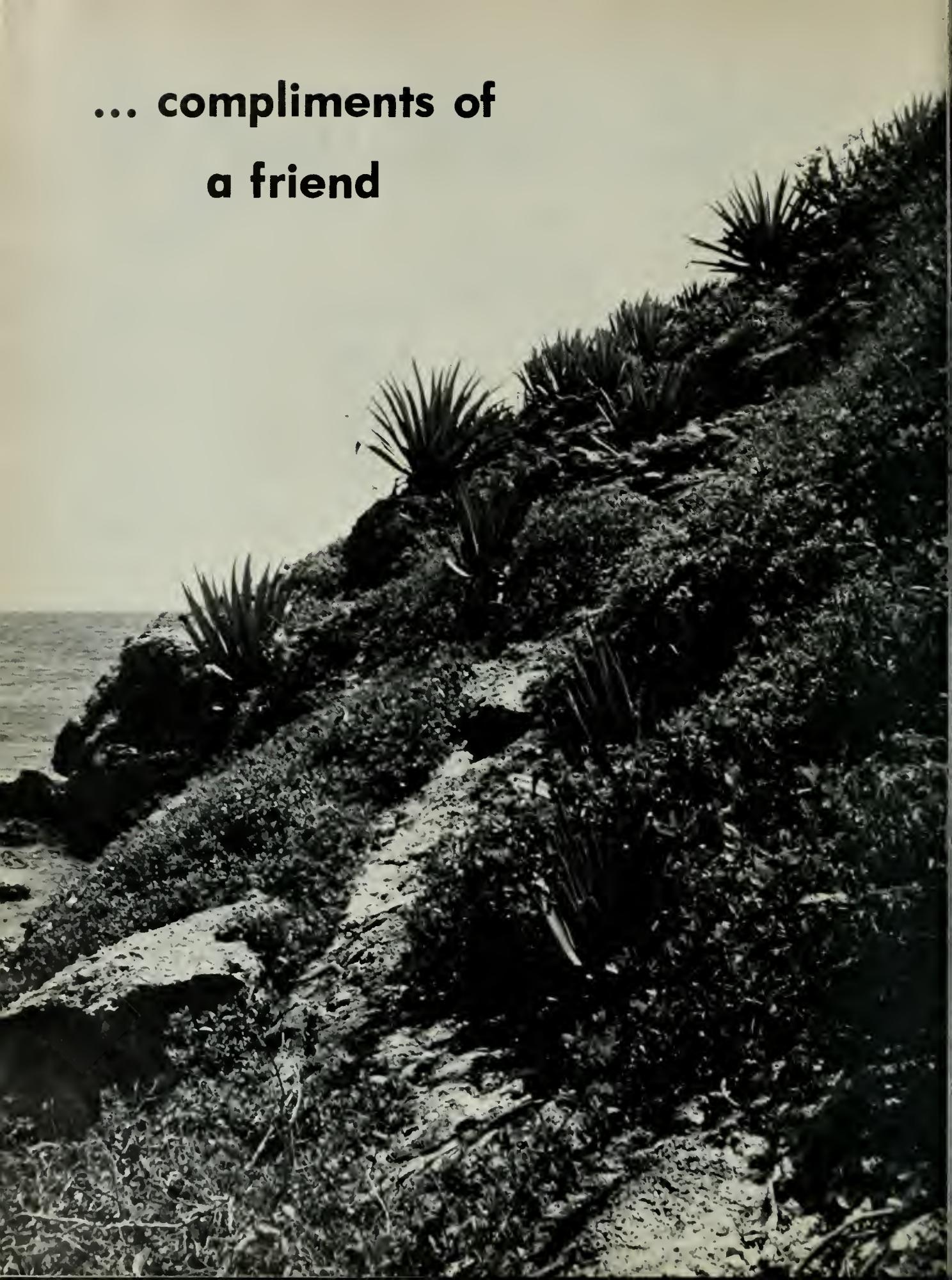


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SPECIAL THANKS TO: Mr. Kerr (for the odd idea), Mr. Stevenson (for literature), P. Allison (for information), Mr. Birkett (for pictures), D. Pitman and Mr. Rideout (for proving there is still hope for the Camera Club), and A. Spears (for storing the Social Committee pop in the yearbook office over the summer).

DEDICATION?

I shall dedicate this volume to the woman I know who often passes an afternoon chasing ants off her sidewalk with a can of Raid. If she knew I were doing this, I'm sure she would be delighted, this being the first time any tangible publicity has been afforded her. But she cannot know, nor will ever know - but we are getting ahead of ourselves.

Picture the happy, domestic scene. This brittle, old female totters about outside her back door, moving from one concrete paving-block to another concrete paving-block, searching, ever searching, for her prey. And when the image of one of those pitiable hexapeds manages to squeeze through her cataracts into her brain, her reactions are instant and expert. Most ants never know what hits them. It is a quick and easy death.

Don't call her cruel - indeed, it were best that you call her nothing at all, as you will soon perceive. She does not hate ants, and neither does she enjoy killing them. But she does object to them; in truth, I think she despises them. There they go, ant by ant, flock by flock, to forage. In curves and swirls they proceed; arcs and jagged corners compose their separate paths. But each ant, however it may come and go, will inevitably, inexorably find its way back to the mound with its little corner of a potato chip, there to throw it down and start off again. Always this pattern is the same - the patternless movement that masks the patterned end, the quaint individuality of their form that hides the mechanistic constancy of their cause. Do you, then, see the hypocrisy of an ant? She does and works to obliterate it.

And if I should say that all this reminds me of a story I know, would you be surprised? Or shocked, should I say the story concerns myself? I do believe that the relationship between the two may almost be called analogous - almost, I say, but not quite. It is the poison, you see, that causes problems. You know my story, but can't perceive my poison. And I'll not tell you what my poison is - though I know you've felt it and perhaps have hated the sensation. But I will tell you why it is. Think of the failures and misery of a school year, first as they were, and then as they were rendered - succulent and flavourful - by that vast and ever-applicable artifice of sugar and ice cream: Sentimentality. Now why should we ever be moved to

overcome failure and misery if they can be so effectively blotted out in our minds by this other method? Indeed, if we must take all our years and cover them with the dribblings of Sentimentality, so to hide their rancidity, why should we seek, thus thinking as we do of the year, to change it from a state of being in which we cannot conceive it to exist? And we must change our years, if we are to become greater than the ants. To change them we must know them, and to know them we must feel their pain, and to feel their pain we must withhold their Great Killer of Pain. Yet this is not so easy to do - not so easy as it might seem, as evidenced by the utter failure of my own endeavours to this end. For Sentimentality, like a tape-worm, is not easily gotten rid of.

Now, will you refuse this analogous relationship? Will you say, "we are not ants, you are not old, and your poison is not a thing but an act"? Indeed, I say, I could have done better - found another person, somewhere, more to the point than this old woman. I could have done better, and now, maybe, you are beginning to see who. For I have tried to do what she does so easily, and I have failed. I have set forth a description of things and events that will never be read - I have assembled pictures and statistics that will be perceived by dulled, modern brains. I have tried to express by all this what it was like, what it FELT like to exist in a particular place, at a particular time, and yet I know the place will crumble as all pieces of institutional masonry, and will fade in the minds of those for whom it has thus been represented. And I know the time is past and can never be invoked, soon to carry with it all those for whom I have tried to invoke it.

Yes, I could have done better, and now I think you have guessed the reason why. I think you have just realized the most profound truth about the old woman, deeper than her Raid, her ants or her sidewalk - deeper even than her own existence. You know now the quintessential fact, than which no other says more of this old woman and her life - that her Raid, her ants, her sidewalk and even herself, as the fleeting, momentary playthings of a grasping imagination, can never be said to have existed at all.

Ian Wilks



FINIS



Autographs







